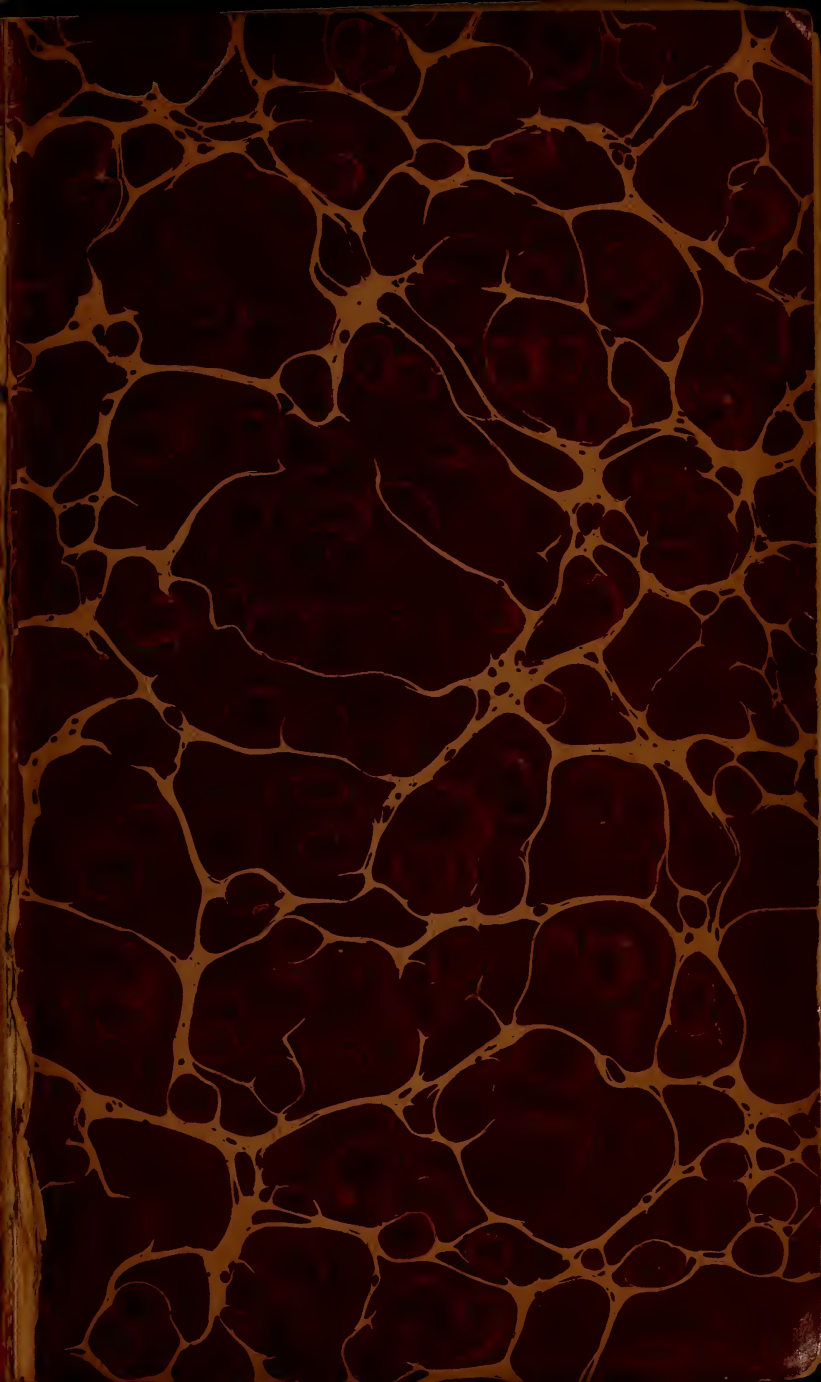


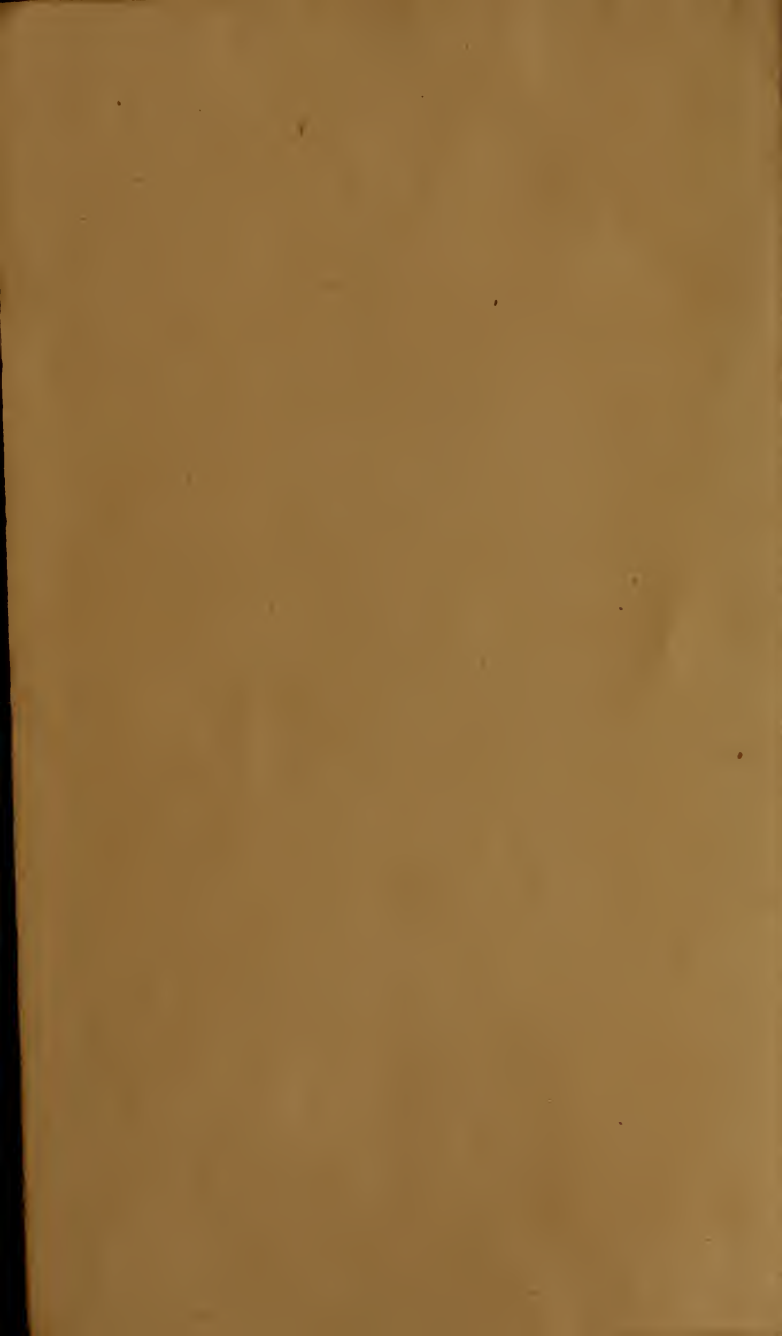


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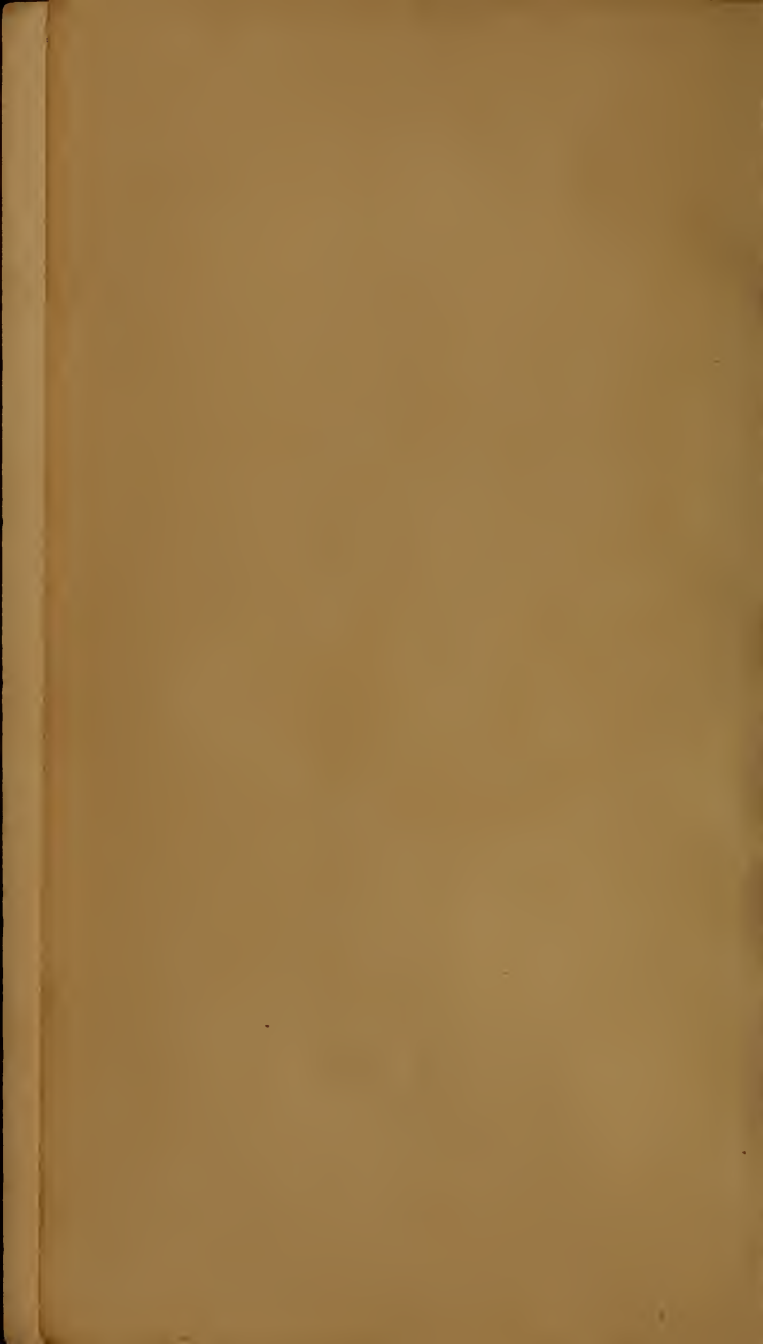
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ROBERT BURNS

THE
Poems and Songs
of
Robert Burns;

— with a —

New Sketch of his Life

&c.



Wm. Wilson

PRINTED BY WILSON, McCORMICK & CARNIE.

1819.

David Hutcherson.

THE

POEMS & SONGS

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

WITH A

Life of the Author,

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF PARTICULARS, DRAWN FROM SOURCES
INACCESSIBLE BY FORMER BIOGRAPHERS.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,

AN APPENDIX,

CONSISTING OF A

PANEGYRICAL ODE,

AND

A DEMONSTRATION OF BURNS' SUPERIORITY TO EVERY
OTHER POET AS A WRITER OF SONGS,

BY

THE REV HAMILTON PAUL,
MINISTER OF BROUGHTON, GLENHOLM & KILBUCK.

AIR:

PRINTED BY WILSON, M'CORMICK & CARNIE.

1819.

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INTRODUCTORY ODE,

BY THE

REV. H. PAUL, 1819.

Nor with more joy the cottage fair,
Whose bosom love refines,
The flow'ry garland for her hair
With rosy finger twines,
Than I, this hawthorn shade beneath,
Whose blossoms bend the bough,
While fragrant zephyrs round me breathe,
Inweave the panegyric wreath
To deck the Poet's brow.

Not with more joy the faithful youth
Folds in his bridal arms
The fair, who, to his plighted truth,
Resigns her blooming charms,
Than I, at rise or fall of day,
Clasp to my breast, by turns,
The volumes, which embrace the lay
Of lorn love, or effusion gay,
Breath'd from the soul of BURNS.

Then come, ye lovely virgin throng,
That grace the banks of Ayr,
Or roam Doon's bonnie braes among,
While Nature's face is fair ;
Come, and I'll lead you to the vale,
Where flowers perennial spring,
And perfumes sweeter far exhale,
Than those which the Sabeian gale,
Bears on his balmy wing—

Nor you, with many a furrow'd line,
Whose cheeks are wrinkled o'er,
Forget how once at beauty's shrine
Ye gloried to adore ;
But oft revolve the moral page,
Which eild and poortith mourns ;
Or listen to the counsels sage,
Or tales to soothe the woes of age,
Penn'd by the hand of BURNS.

Your sense and *lair* I envy not,
Whose upcast jaundic'd eye
Perceives an universal blot
In our poetic sky ;
Your blood is cold, your pulse is still,
Your stream of life scarce flows,
But stagnates like a frozen rill,
Of Love the pure, the tender thrill,
Your bosom never knows.

You seem to think, a lengthen'd face,
Whence every smile is driven,
Will rank you on the lists of Grace,
As Denizens of Heaven ;
Can peace within his bosom dwell
Who taste and feeling spurns ?
No—'tis the residence of Hell,
Whose gloom defies th' united spell
Of Music, Song, and BURNS.

Illustrious Shades, if from the skies
You still can bend an ear,
Your friends' regrets, their tears and sighs,
You will delighted hear ;

Oft! when you linger'd here below,
We spent the social hour,
And while we felt the genial glow,
Bade for his fate our sorrows flow,
Within his native Bower:

And you, who in the vale of years
Are to our wishes left,
Of you—say our foreboding fears,
We soon will be bereft;
I've pour'd the melancholy strain
O'er many timeless urns,
But oh! comparisons are vain,
For all the pleasure and the pain
Are swallow'd up in BURNS.

THE
LIFE
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

IT is not from contemporary praise or blame that we can fairly estimate the merit or demerit of a character. It is not till the objects of panegyric or animadversion are sleeping with their fathers, and the passions which had been excited by difference of sentiment in respect to politics, opposition with regard to religious opinions, emulation in the pursuit of literary fame, or rivalry in love, are lulled to rest, that men are capable of surveying with calm and unprejudiced minds the deformity, or contemplating with unjaundiced eyes the beauty of the moral scene—or that we can hope to obtain from the Biographer, or general Historian, an impartial view of human affairs, or a faithful delineation of the characters of men. Hence, it not unfrequently happens, that the most enlightened statesmen, the most liberal divines, and the most upright moralists, are branded with every mark of infamy—while the vilest traitors, the basest hypocrites, and the most furious zealots, are invested with every virtue under Heaven, by the partial tongue or the venal pen.

It need not, therefore, furnish matter of astonishment, that a character, the lines of which are so deeply imprinted and so various as that of ROBERT BURNS, should not yet, after an interval of twenty years, be

susceptible of impartial definition, or that a phenomenon in the poetical department of literature, should be viewed in different lights by different observers of human conduct.

So apt is religious enthusiasm to warp the understanding, that we have heard men, calling themselves evangelical, maintain, that good poetry and vicious sentiments are incompatible, and that none but a virtuous character can lay claim to the title of a good poet.

So much has already been said and written on the subject of this memoir, that it may be deemed superfluous in us, on offering a new Edition of his Poems to the public, to give them any thing but an abridged sketch of the short life of this singularly endowed man, and truly accomplished Poet. But if we can show this luminary of wit and genius in a different phasis from what he has already been displayed in, we shall not consider the devoting of a few pages to the subject, a work of supererogation.

ROBERT BURNS, the eldest son of WILLIAM BURNES, originally from Kincardineshire, was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in that Cottage which, with its neighbours Allowa' Kirk and the Auld Brig o' Doon, have acquired celebrity, as forming principal features of that charming portion of the classic ground of Caledonia. The Cottage is situated about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, on the side of the road which runs through the district of Carrick to Portpatrick. The walls were originally of mud, and contained an apartment at each end, called a Butt and a Ben.*

William Burnes emigrated from his native county, in which his condition was that of a peasant or farmer of the lowest rank, in search of employment as a garden-

Note. That is, a without and a within. "Come be-in, go be-out."

er. His first employer in Ayrshire was the Laird of Fairlie, from whom he transferred his services to Mr. Crawford, of Doonside.—He afterwards took a feu of seven acres of land from Dr. Campbell, Physician in Ayr, and commenced the business of a Nurseryman.—At this period (1757) he married Agnes Brown, having previously built, with his own hands, the Cottage already mentioned; but he was scarcely entered on his occupation as a Public Gardener, when he relinquished it for the service of Mr. Fergusson of Doonholm, by whom he was engaged in the capacity of Horticultural Overseer. Still, however, he resided in the Cottage, which was not far distant, and which, at the epoch of his undertaking the duties of his new vocation (1759) became the scene of our Poet's Birth. William Burnes being a man of tolerable education, strong good sense, and respectable attainments in religion and morals, was at considerable pains in forming the hearts and evolving the intellectual faculties of his children. Robert, when six years of age, was sent to a school at Alloway Mill, about a mile distant, but his progress here was interrupted by the appointment of the Schoolmaster, whose name was Campbell, to a situation in the work-house of Ayr. To supply this want, William Burnes became one of an association of neighbours, who engaged Mr. Murdoch to teach their families, at a specified salary, he living alternately in the houses of his employers. Under the tuition of this Gentleman, Robert acquired reading, writing, and English grammar, in all of which his proficiency was gratifying to his Teacher.

William Burnes having, in 1766, taken a lease of the Farm of Mount-Oliphant from Mr. Fergusson, and entered on possession, his family were deprived of Mr. Murdoch's superintending care.

During their stay at Mount-Oliphant, which ulti-

mately, owing to the poverty of the soil, and want of capital, proved a ruinous concern, the family of William Burnes were taught, in the evenings, by their father himself, from whom they derived some knowledge of arithmetic.

Robert and Gilbert were sent, with a view to their improvement in penmanship, to the parish school of Dalrymple, about three miles distant.

As their manual labour was now become of some avail in the farming operations, the two boys went, week about, to school, during the summer quarter. In the meantime, Mr. Murdoch, who had been engaged in his vocation as a teacher in Carrick, Dumfries, and elsewhere, was established as English Teacher, in the Parochial School of Ayr, an event of considerable importance to the juvenile Poet, and his brother, for, owing to the vicinity, Mr. Murdoch usually spent his holydays at Mount-Oliphant, and contributed, by conversation and supplying them with books, to form the taste and enlarge the understandings of his former pupils. In 1773, Robert spent about three weeks in Ayr with Mr. Murdoch in revising his grammar, and in the study of the French language, which proved the means of introducing him to the acquaintance of some young persons of superior refinement, especially the family of Dr. Malcolm, whose sons afterwards distinguished themselves in the East Indies and America in their military capacities. From Mr. Robertson, the Writing-Master in the school of Ayr, and Mr. Murdoch's bosom friend, Robert derived some instructions with respect to acquiring, without the aid of a Teacher, a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue; Robertson himself having attained considerable eminence in that department of classical learning, without the assistance of a master.

His application to this new branch of study was by

fits and starts. A variety of causes combined to interrupt his progress, and to impel him to relinquish the pursuit altogether—for

Burns had now arrived at that stage of life so interesting to the individual, which is finely described by Beattie on introducing his Minstrel to manhood,

“ And now the downy cheek and deep’ned voice
Gave dignity to Edwin’s blooming prime.”

Depressed as he was in spirits by incessant toil and family misfortune, indignant as he felt at the harshness of the factor, whom he has “damned to everlasting fame,” in his tale of the Twa Dogs, and tortured as his filial sensibilities were by the effect which approaching age and want produced on his father’s mind, he was nevertheless tremblingly alive to those softer emotions, which the more beautiful portion of the creation is calculated to awaken.

The harvest, that busy season of the year when the husbandman fondly looks forward to the remuneration of his toil, found him exerting himself to keep pace with his elder competitors, who were employed, agreeably to the description of Thomson—

“ Soon as the morning trembles o’er the sky
And unperceiv’d unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen’d field the Reapers stand
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.—”

Burns was entering on his sixteenth year. His partner on the rig was a year younger : she was “a bonnie sweet sonsie lass,” and, as might have been expected, without apparent design on her part, without seducing demeanour on his, but merely from the constitution of the human frame, agitated by juxta-position, “a mutual flame was quickly caught,” and for the first time, “love slyly stole into his breast”—This

nymph, who was afterwards married to a Carrick farmer, and became the mother of many sons and daughters, and who, when we saw her in 1811, still retained the characteristic of sonsieness, so fascinated her helpmate in the work of harvest, as to betray him into the sin of rhyme. She sung delightfully, and he wrote a copy of verses to her favourite air or reel.

On the death of Provost Fergusson, his landlord and benefactor, William Burnes, availing himself of a break in the lease, removed from Mount-Oliphant to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, where, for the space of four years, fortune seemed to smile on him and his family; but being involved in a lawsuit with the Proprietor of his farm, he was, after three years of litigation, relieved from all his earthly cares, and died of consumption on the 13th of February 1784, leaving his family on the brink of ruin, the process having terminated in favour of his antagonist.

During the residence of the family in the parish of Tarbolton, Burns was the constant victim of the tender passion, and wore the willing fetters of some fair enslaver; but he yielded implicitly to that law of nature, by which every thing under the sun is liable to change, and which he offers, in one of his songs, as an apology for his inconstancy.

It was here that he first met with Annie, the interview with whom, "on a lammis night, when corn rigs were bonnie," he has described in such voluptuous strains. If we may judge from her appearance at the commencement of this century, she was qualified to raise a flame in souls less combustible than that of Burns. There was a smiling freshness in her looks, and she reminded us of the picture of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," as delineated in the ballad. It was here too that Burns was initiated in the sublime mysteries of Masonry—an institution venerable for its antiquity—

amiable on account of the benevolence of its designs—and useful as a mean of diffusing a spirit of brotherly kindness and charity—but certainly adapted to withdraw the warm-hearted novice from the serious pursuits of business, and indirectly to encourage habits of dissipation, though its rules are directly contrary.—Here also he met with that profane, witty, boon companion, John Ranken, to whom he addressed a humorous epistle, in which he comically alludes to his first deviation from the path of morality in a licentious amour, and which proved the subject of a lively production, “the Poet’s welcome.”

Finding that, in his vocation of a farmer, he could scarcely keep the *banes green*, Burns bethought himself of some other employment, by which he might be enabled to support a family, having formed the laudable resolution of marrying with all convenient speed. The rural and domestic economy at Lochlea was a model of perfection in regard to a country life. The father allowed his two sons the same wages for their work, as he gave to others engaged in the same occupation—whatever articles of clothing were manufactured for them in the family, these were accounted a part of their wages; and though their allowance was scanty, yet by industry, frugality and sobriety, they contrived to make an annual saving.

The two brothers had been in the practice of raising flax on a part of the farm, for which they paid their father a stipulated rent. His acquaintance with this species of crop induced Burns to turn his attention to the business of a flax-dresser. He, accordingly, entered on the occupation, along with a practitioner in the art, in the town of Irvine; but, owing to an accident which reduced his workshop to ashes, and himself to his last farthing, he relinquished the pursuit, and returned to his father’s, with a mind alienated from that

sobriety of thinking, to which he had been trained by precept and example under the parental roof; for in Irvine he had met with polished characters, who effectuated a change on the rigour of his morality, and the austerity of his orthodoxy.

He was about this time on the eve of matrimony with one, whom his fertile imagination had decorated with every angelic quality, and who, after pledging her virgin troth, jilted him in a manner calculated to torture his ardent soul, and exaggerate his constitutional melancholy.

As William Burnes's moveables were at his death swallowed up in the gulf of legal expenses, his family entered into a joint concern, and stocked, with the earnings which they had accumulated by hard labour and thrifty management, the farm of Mossgiel, of which they took a subset from Gavin Hamilton, Esq. a gentleman, whose memory is still revered, on account of his generous and humane qualities, and for the patronage which he extended towards the Bard in the early stages of his poetical career.

The rent of Mossgiel was £90 *per annum*, and the cultivation was carried on by the united labour of the family, consisting of three brothers and three sisters, who received their respective fees according to the rate of farm wages in the district at the time. Though the wages of the Poet did not, one year with another, amount to more than £7, yet his expenditure never exceeded his slender income.

Owing to the high situation and intractable soil of Mossgiel, in spite of the assiduous energy of the family compact, and in spite of the humanity of the landlord, the occupants were obliged to resign the lease, after four years struggling with the adverse circumstances of late springs and frosty autumns.

The farm being situated in the neighbourhood of

Mauchline, a populous village which could boast of a considerable portion of female beauty, Burns found several subjects of amatory panegyric; but he singled out from among the rest Jean Armour, as his darling and permanent theme of song. With her he formed a clandestine connexion, and not being in a situation to support her as his avowed wife, it was agreed on betwixt them, that their marriage should be privately solemnized, and that he should go to push his fortune in the West Indies, and look forward to more propitious times.

The parents of Miss Armour, who doated on her with more than ordinary fondness, on being apprized of her marriage, and of her situation, which could no longer be concealed, were thrown into a paroxysm of grief and frenzy, bordering on insanity; and by their real or well-acted sorrow, wrought on her feelings to such a degree, as to induce her to cancel the marriage lines; and they also prevailed on Burns, though pierced through with the keenest anguish, to consent to the dissolution of the marriage.

Dr. Douglas having kindly undertaken to send him out to Jamaica in the capacity of a book-keeper, or assistant to his brother in that Island, Burns was advised by his friend, Mr. Hamilton. to improve the intervening time, and to publish his poems by subscription. He followed the advice, and accordingly the first edition of his poems was printed in Kilmarnock, in the year 1786. The impression consisted of 600 copies, and the number of subscribers amounted to 350, among whom the name of William Parker, Esq. appeared for thirty-five.

Previous to publication, manuscript copies of several of the poems had been handed about, and read with general applause in convivial meetings; but none contributed more to give them celebrity than the late

Robert Aiken, Esq. who, to a cultivated taste and a warm and feeling heart, added a powerful eloquence and an energetic manner of recitation. Burns, though then in the zenith of his poetical glory, was so sensible of this, that he said, "I never knew there was any merit in my " poems, till Mr. Aiken read me into repute."

The Printer was not furnished with any regular manuscript of the poems, but Burns brought them one by one to Kilmarnock, and after they were carefully pointed, they were put to press. On producing his *Holy Fair*, and the question being asked, "Burns, are you not afraid to use such freedom with these Gentry?" meaning the Clergy, the Poet replied, "Why, as to my purse, you know they can make nothing of it, and for my person, you see," brandishing his oak stick, "I carry an excellent cudgel." The whole impression was quickly disposed of, and the clear profits amounted to twenty pounds. In his visits to Kilmarnock, the Poet formed many new acquaintances. It was during this period, that he became intimate with, and wrote the *Elegy on Tam Samson of sporting memory*. Tam having reached his grand climacteric, used to say at the commencement of the shooting season, "This will be the last of my fields." He "resolved and re-resolved," and thus afforded Burns an admirable theme for the exercise of his descriptive powers. When Tam first heard the poem read in a jovial party, he was so exasperated, that he made several attempts to chastise the Bard, who, to pacify him, wrote the concluding stanza, terminating with "Tam Samson's living." This produced the desired effect of conciliating the veteran sportsman, and securing to the Poet his lasting friendship.

In Kilmarnock Burns first saw Nannie, the subject of one of his most popular ballads. She captivated him as well by the charms of her person as by the

melody of her voice. As he devoted much of his spare time to the society of Nannie, and listened to her singing with the most religious attention, her sister, who had a vein of pleasantry, observed to him, that he paid more attention to Nannie's singing than he would do to a preaching—he retorted with an oath, “Madam, there's no comparison.”

Having now obtained possession of what to him appeared a considerable sum of money, Burns was on the eve of embarking for Jamaica, when he was diverted from his purpose by a letter from Dr. Blacklock, who had become acquainted with his merit as a poet, to the Rev. Dr. Laurie, Minister of Loudoun. Dr. Laurie communicated the contents of the letter to Mr. Hamilton, and he to Burns. Dr. Blacklock expressed the highest approbation of the poetical talents of the Ayrshire Ploughman, and testified his confidence, that if a second edition were to make its appearance, it would meet with very general encouragement. The friendship of Dr. Laurie, the brotherly kindness of Mr. Hamilton, and the eulogy of Dr. Blacklock, induced Burns to try a second and an enlarged edition of his poems. For this purpose he repaired to Edinburgh, where he was introduced to many of the first characters in the nation in point of rank and literature. The patronage of the Earl of Glencairn, who was a member of the Caledonian Hunt, led him to dedicate the work to that most respectable association. The adulation, the fame, the fortune, which this new edition acquired him, banished from his thoughts the plan of exchanging his native air for the inhospitable climate of the West Indies; paved the way for that series of imprudence, and consequent misfortune, which accompanied him to the grave; and, indeed, to use his own vernacular idiom, “laid the cap-stane o' his woes.”

In his school-boy days Burns might be regarded as a

fixed star of unsullied purity. While he resided at Lochlea and Mossgiel, we view him in the light of a planet whose aberrations are scarcely discernible ; but we are now to contemplate him as a comet of almost incalculable eccentricity.

Before we display him in that great but dangerous attitude, we shall revert to certain passages of his previous history.

In his seventeenth year, with a view to acquire an easy gracefulness of manner, he went to a country dancing school. At the age of nineteen, he lived for a season with a brother of his mother in the parish of Kirkoswald, and attended the parochial school, at that time taught by an eminent teacher of the various branches of education, especially mathematics. Here he attained to tolerable proficiency in the study of geometry. From the celebrity of Mr. Rodgers, his school was well frequented, and many of Burns's contemporaries were possessed of talents, spirit and taste. It was a practice for the boys who were farthest advanced in their studies, to range themselves on different sides, and carry on a debate respecting some topic of their own choosing, or suggested by the teacher, who sometimes presided on the occasion, and sometimes took a share in the disputation; and when worsted, exulted in his defeat, and congratulated himself on the display of eloquence and logical acumen made by his pupils. On leaving that seminary of education, Burns carried on a literary correspondence with those of his former school-fellows to whom he had become attached by a congeniality of mind and pursuit ; and this will in some degree account for that excellence in epistolary composition to which he afterwards reached.

The drier study of mathematics was abandoned for the delusions of love. A beautiful girl in the im-

mediate neighbourhood so completely engrossed his thoughts, as to make him fly off at a tangent from geometrical demonstration. It is probable she was the original of the following portrait,

“ Her hair is the wing of the blackbird,
 Her eye is the eye of the dove,
 Her lip is the sweet dewy rosebud,
 Her bosom's the palace of love.
 Alas ! when I sit down to study
 I now can do naething ava',
 My book I indeed keep my eyes on,
 But my thoughts are wi' her that's awa'.”

This is certainly a juvenile composition, and in part borrowed from the ballad intitled, the “ charming Miss Weir,”

“ O Cupid my mind it runs muddy !
 And I fear it will never run clear,
 For whene'er I sit down to study,
 My mind runs on lovely Miss Weir.”

The improvement Burns made in mental accomplishments was counterbalanced by the encouragement he met with to indulge the ruling propensities of his constitution, which may be comprehended in love for the triad, “ His dear girl, his friend and pitcher.”

The practice of smuggling, or the contraband trade, was at the height of prosperity on the Carrick shore about this time. Many respectable characters were engaged in this illicit traffic, which in those days was scarcely regarded as illegal, and not at all dishonourable. The Farmers on the coast were in general possessed of old leases at a low rent. They neglected agriculture for the more lucrative, though less certain pursuit of smuggling. The influx of wealth introduced a laxity of morals, and a relaxation of religious strictness. They lived in a princely style, and as many of them had visited Bourdeaux, Flushing, Guernsey,

Ireland, and the Isle of Man, their manners had acquired a polish, and their hair-breadth escapes, "on Flood and Field," awakened the curiosity, and interested the inquisitive mind of Burns, ever ready "to catch the manners living as they rise." The naval engagements which the smugglers had had with the King's cruisers, the pitched battles which they had fought with the Revenue Officers aided by the military, were adventures, the detail of which opened up a source of entertainment to the mind of the youthful Bard, similar to that which he afterwards derived from the perusal of the novels of Fielding and Smollet.

From scenes "of swaggering riot," as he calls them, Burns returned with a mind enlightened by the study of mankind, but in a considerable degree debauched, when compared to that purity of manners, which he had formerly exhibited in the domestic circle. The school exercises suggested the plan of a debating club in Tarbolton, and another afterwards in Mauchline, the regulations of which were drawn up by our Poet. It was during his residence in the vicinity of these two villages, that in one of his rambles he met with "the Bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle," and that he had his first and last interviews with "Highland Mary."

The scenery of the Ayr from Sorn to the ancient Burgh at its mouth, though it may be equalled in grandeur, is scarcely any where surpassed in beauty. To trace its meanders, to wander amid its green woods, to lean over its precipitous and rocky banks, to explore its coves, to survey its gothic towers, and to admire its modern edifices, is not only highly delightful but truly inspiring. If the Poet in his excursions along the banks of the river, or in penetrating into the deepest recesses of the grove, be accompanied by his favourite fair one, whose admiration of rural and sylvan beauty is akin

to his own, however hazardous the experiment, the bliss is ecstatic. To warn the young and unsuspecting of their danger is only to stimulate their curiosity.—The well meant dissuasive of Thomson is more seductive in its tendency than the admirers of that poet's morality are aware—

“ Ah ! then, ye Fair,

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts ;
Dare not the infectious sigh—nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.”

We are decidedly of opinion, that the inexperienced fair will be equally disposed to disregard this sentimental prohibition, and to accept the invitation of another bard, whose libertinism is less disguised,

“ Will you go to the bower I have shaded for you ?
Your bed shall be roses bespangled with dew.”

Let the traveller from Ayr to Mauchline pause at the spot where the Fail disembogues itself into the Ayr.—Let him take his station near the neat little cottage, on the sloping green at the side of the wood, and let him cast his eyes across the stream, where the trees recede from one another and form a vista, on the gray rocks, which, mantled over with tangling shrubs, wild roses, heath and honeysuckle, project from the opposite side, and we will tell him, that there, or thereabout, the Poet “ took his last fareweel of his sweet Highland Mary.” The Castle of Montgomery, which, with its “ banks an' braes, an' streams around,” forms a distinguished ornament of that beautifully interesting and distressingly tender ballad, is Coilsfield, one of the seats of the Earl of Eglinton.

The society in Edinburgh, to which the electrical effect of his poems introduced this untutored prodigy,

was of the most refined and fascinating description.— With Professor Dugald Stuart he had become acquainted the preceding month at Catrine, his seat in Ayrshire, and he soon numbered among his patrons and friends, Dr. Blair, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Dalziel, &c. His Poems were recommended to public notice by an elegant paper in the *Lounger*, from the pen of the *Man of Feeling*; and he attracted the notice of Lord Monboddo, Mr. Fraser Tytler, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Gregory, and many other distinguished literary characters.

The publication proved uncommonly productive. He entered for a time into the dissipation of the Capital, it being regarded as a fashionable boast by the noble, the learned, the gay and the fair, to have been in company with the Ayrshire Ploughman, the Bard of Colia. Resolving to avail himself of the opportunity which was now presented of visiting the sublime and beautiful scenes of Caledonia, Burns set out on a tour, accompanied part of the way by Mr. Ainslie, W. S. son of Mr. Ainslie of Berrywell, in Berwickshire. The two friends left Edinburgh on Saturday the 6th of May 1787, and reached Berrywell that night; on Sunday they went to church at Dunse, and on Monday dined at Coldstream. In the course of his perambulations the Poet met with the most flattering reception from Brydone the traveller, Sir Alexander Don, Dr. Somerville, and the Magistrates of Jedburgh by whom he was presented with the freedom of that ancient Burgh, Sir James Hall, Mr. Scott of Wauchope, Dr. Elliot, and others. He visited Kelso, Melrose, Selkirk, Dryburgh, and a variety of romantic scenes on the Tweed, the Teviot, and the Etterick. He afterwards crossed the Border, visited Alnwick Castle, Warkworth, Morpeth and Newcastle. From thence he proceeded by Hexham and Wardrue to Carlisle. He returned to

Mossgiel by way of Annan, Dumfries, and Sanquhar, on the 8th of June 1787, to the no small joy of his mother, brothers and sisters, who regarded him as a superior being, and to whom he gave the most ample demonstrations of his unaltered filial and fraternal affection. Having spent a few days amid this happy domestic group, he returned to Edinburgh, and immediately set out on a new tour to the Western Highlands. This journey was short, extending only as far as Inverary by Dumbarton and Lochlomond. In a letter to his friend Ainslie he makes honourable mention of highland hospitality. The month of July was spent in Ayrshire with his relatives and friends, and in August he returned to Edinburgh, whence, accompanied by Dr. Adair of Harrowgate, he prosecuted a journey of wider circuit. Their route led them by Linlithgow and Carron to Stirling, where they fell in with Mr. William Nicol, one of the Masters of the High School of Edinburgh, a man whose acquaintance proved to Burns a present pleasure and a future curse. From Stirling our tourists proceeded to Harvieston, in the beautiful and picturesque vale of Devon, at that time inhabited by the mother of his trusty friend and benefactor Gavin Hamilton. Here they lingered for about ten days, making short excursions to the romantic scenes in that neighbourhood, particularly Castle Campbell, the Rumbling Bridge, and the Caldron Linn; and here Dr. Adair formed a tender attachment for Mrs. Hamilton's eldest daughter, with whom he afterwards enjoyed much conjugal felicity. During this tour, they visited Mrs Bruce of Clackmannan, a venerable lady upwards of ninety years of age, who told them that Robert Bruce was a cadet of her family, and who invested them with the order of knighthood, by means of the helmet and sword of the hero of Bannockburn.

On visiting the Abbey and Abbey-church of Dam-

fermline, Dr. Adair mounted the cutty-stool, and Burns from the pulpit gave him a rebuke in the style of a caricature of that which he himself had received in common with seven other culprits in the church of Mauchline.

In September, he made a still more extensive tour to the North Highlands. His travelling companion was William Nicol. Their journey lay through Crieff and by Taymouth, down the Tay to Dunkeld, thence to Blair, where every polite attention was shewn to the Poet by the noble family of Athole. They proceeded as far as Fort George, surveying in their career Grant Castle, Cawdor, Inverness, and the Fall of Fyers. The Poet slept one night at Brodie of Brodie's, and dined one day at Gordon Castle; but having left Mr. Nicol with the chaise at the Inn of Fochabers, that high-minded man of classical erudition, indignant at what he termed insulting neglect, forced Burns, by the threat of forever withdrawing the beams of his favour, to take an abrupt leave of the bonnie Duchess and her noble family. The travellers returned to Edinburgh along the eastern coast. In the neighbourhood of Stonehive, Burns met with several of his father's near relatives, with whom he spent two days. Nicol and he reached Edinburgh on the 16th September, 1787, and in "Scotia's darling seat" the Poet remained for the greater part of the ensuing winter, mingling again with rank, and fashion, and beauty, and licentiousness, together with an occasional ebullition of Jacobitism.

On winding up his accounts with Mr. Creech, his publisher, Burns found himself in possession of five hundred pounds, over and above all his necessary and thoughtless expenditure. He immediately remitted two hundred pounds to his brother Gilbert, on whom the charge of the family had now devolved, and who

was still struggling with difficulties at Mossgiel; with the remainder, and what more might ultimately accrue to him from the sale of his works, he resolved to stock a farm, being determined to resume the pursuits of agriculture. His poems had recommended him to Mr. Millar of Dalswinton, from whom he obtained a lease of the farm of Ellisland, situated on the Nith, about eight miles above Dumfries. He entered on possession of his farm at Whitsunday 1788. The rent was fixed by two of his friends, who were intimately acquainted with husbandry, and who surveyed the farm at his desire. He was now also become an Expectant of a commission in the Excise, having been previously recommended to the Board, and the recommendation warmly seconded by Mr. Graham of Fintry, to whom he had been introduced at Blair Athole.

Firmly resolved to bid an everlasting farewell to crowds, and courts, and follies, he remembered Jean, and by a public declaration of marriage, restored that peace to her bosom, and that tranquillity to his own mind, which for several years had been strangers there.

He was now led to serious reflection. His wife, his children, the rebuilding of the farm house, and the cultivation of the fields, engrossed his attention. His habits were entirely altered, and he was become a new creature. But as Mrs. Burns could not be removed from her father's for a season, he paid occasional visits to Ayrshire; and having to spend a night or more on the road, he met with good-fellows at the several inns, forgot his resolutions, and relapsed into inebriety.

Having sat down to dinner in one of these inns, while on his way from Ellisland to Mauchline, with a pleasant party, Burns was resolved to consecrate the evening to conviviality. The dinner was near a close, and the wit of the Bard was beginning to flash. He was struck with admiration of the Waiter, who was a

handsome, well-dressed, active, obliging young man. He remarked to the company, that he had hardly ever seen one of a more prepossessing demeanour. One of the maid-servants assisted in taking away. She had a rencounter with the Waiter in the lobby, a gentle struggle took place, and the company were diverted at the noise of the contest, which seemed to proceed from an endeavour on the part of the Waiter to ravish a kiss from his sweet-heart. In the midst of the frolic, the young man instantaneously dropped down dead at the feet of his mistress. The sensibility of the Bard was touched to the quick by the distressing catastrophe, his wit ceased to sparkle, and he maintained a gloomy silence for the remainder of the evening.

The neighbourhood of Dumfries was both a blessing and a misfortune to Burns ; here he met with the most refined, and at the same time the most dangerous society. To associate with the Poet was deemed a distinguished honour. His company was courted—convivial parties were formed on his account—he was often seduced from home—the business of the farm was in a great measure neglected—embarrassment ensued, and despondency trode on its heels.

Having acquired the requisite qualifications, Burns applied for employment in the Excise ; and was, by the interest of Mr. Graham, appointed Excise Officer or Guager in the district wherein he resided. His time was now divided between his occupation as a farmer and his duty as a revenue officer. At one time we find him in the guise of an husbandman, engaged in the healthful exercise of ploughing or sowing, at another time we hear of him in the costume of an officer of excise, traversing the neighbouring moors, or exploring the glens, in quest of the receptacles of illicit distillation, and conning over, with whimsical recollection, his

own anathema against the profession, by which he consigned them over to the Devil—

“ To bake them up in brunstane pies

“ For poor d——d drinkers.”

The two callings were almost incompatible. To enable the farmer to pay his rent, the exclusively devoting of his time to the various branches of agriculture is indispensable. He must either labour with his own hands, or closely superintend his work people. He must attend markets, keep regular books of expenditure and profit, and he must study the various improvements in machinery, implements of husbandry, and modes of cultivation, calculated to abridge the number of operative assistants, to facilitate labour, or to increase produce, otherwise he may indeed exist, but he can hardly be said to live. To join another active profession with this multifarious vocation is preposterous and detrimental. Accordingly, Burns, after an ineffectual trial of three years and a half, renounced his lease, left Ellisland, and removed to Dumfries, supporting himself and his family on his salary as a subaltern officer of excise, and trusting to speedy promotion for an augmentation of income.

His hopes of promotion were, however, blasted by an event, which deceived many, but which to the sanguine mind, warm temperament, and unguarded eloquence of Burns, proved extremely fatal. By an incongruity of character, not uncommon with exalted genius, which spurns at vulgar rules, Burns professed himself a decided partizan of the dethroned and exiled house of Stuart, and at the same time a devoted admirer of those who were instrumental in overturning the legitimate throne of France.

In clubs and convivial meetings he advocated the cause of certain friends of the people, to whom the Judges of the land, those able state physicians, recom-

mended and prescribed the air of Botany Bay for a term of years, as an efficacious remedy for their political complaints. The sentiments of Burns, expressed with much energy and imprudence, were repeated to those in power, an investigation into his conduct was instituted by the Board of Excise, and though he defended himself with much ability, and though nothing calculated to criminate him as a mover of sedition was expiscated by the inquiry, yet his promotion was retarded, and he was saved from expulsion from his office solely by the interest of Mr. Graham.

In the town of Dumfries, a considerable proportion of our Poet's time was spent in the tavern. With a few exceptions, the routine of official duty could be accomplished in the forenoon, and the evening could be devoted to convivial enjoyment. The affluent, the idle, the curious, the men of taste and feeling, were ambitious of ranking among the associates of Burns, and of repeating to their families and friends, his flashes of merriment, his bursts of satire, his epigrams, and his eulogies. The traveller lengthened his stay in that delightful retreat of elegance and politeness, in order that he might have an opportunity of being introduced to the pride of Caledonia. Frequent intoxication, late hours, and sudden transition from the reeking bowl and snug parlour to the damp and chill air of midnight, undermined a constitution naturally robust but not strong in proportion to its nervous configuration. He felt the approach of age before he had reached the noon of life, and by a kind of presentiment of his own premature decay, he had previously characterised forty-five as the evening of life's closing day—

“ When ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,

“ See crazy, weary, joyless eild,

“ Wi' wrinkl'd face,

“ Comes hostin, hirplin, owre the field,

“ Wi' creepin pace.”

Finding medical aid of no avail, Burns retired for a short season to Brow, for the purpose of trying the effects of sea-bathing. This too proved unavailing. He became duly sensible of his approaching dissolution, and on paying a forenoon's visit to one of the most sincere and amiable of his female friends, he asked her if she had any commands for the other world. In a few weeks after he became delirious by access of fever, and terminated his earthly course on the 21st of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and twelfth of his fame as a poet.

He was interred in the church-yard of Dumfries, with military honours and every demonstration of sorrow and regret which the occasion could suggest. Every attention which humanity could bestow was shown to his family in their distressed and interesting circumstances, Mrs. Burns having been delivered of a son on the morning of her husband's funeral; and every honour, short of canonization, has been paid to his memory.

THE PERSONAL FIGURE OF BURNS.

IN his form Burns was stout and muscular. Broad shoulders—manly limbs—coarse features—dark expressive eyes and black hair, generally queued, were the distinguishing characteristics of his exterior. His dress usually consisted of snuff-brown drapery with half-boots. His shoulders had acquired a rotundity, or bend, indicative of his original occupation. His address demonstrated him to be, not indeed a man of rank and fashion, but far above the level of a ploughman or peasant. Even before he had an opportunity of conversing with the great, he displayed an independence of manner, and a freedom from *mauvaise honte* which the society of the noble neither corrupted nor improved.

THE LANGUAGE OF BURNS.

THE attainments of Burns in respect of conversational powers were truly astonishing. A fluent expression—a correct enunciation—a felicitous and emphatical choice of words—surprised the scholar and confounded the pedant. To the noble and the mean, the servile and the insolent, he addressed himself in words exactly adapted to their characters and conditions, and when conveying the voice of sentiment or the language of love to the ears of the daughters of beauty, he fairly carried them off their feet. The ascendant which Burns acquired and maintained over the female heart was no inconsiderable proof of the transcendency of his personal merit. No woman is naturally a prude. Unless they have been educated under the auspices of ancient maidens, who have been crossed in love, and who “constantly deave them and bid them beware of young men,” the fair are candid and confidential—They will even make the first advances where they meet with a man of whose good sense they are convinced, in whose honour they can confide, and to whose secrecy they can trust. The Poet, especially, who can pay them an original and well turned compliment, or pen a delicious sonnet to their eye-brows, they are disposed to caress; and they prefer the man in shepherd garb and ploughman guise, who is capable of conversing rationally, to the insipid popinjay who is “perfumed like a milliner,” but whose fine speeches are borrowed from the novels of the day; for the one is as far inferior to the other, as a mere retailer of Joe Miller’s jests is to a Henry Erskine.

THE LITERATURE OF BURNS.

To call Burns illiterate with a view of surrounding his productions with an air of the miraculous, is not to

give the true estimate of his merit and attainments. Burns possessed a considerable portion of learning; for although his attendance on school-exercises was very limited, "short and far between," yet when we take into our consideration his intercourse with Mr. Murdoch—his dialogues with the Malcolms—his disputing with his school-fellows, and even with his teachers—his presiding in debating clubs and masonic societies—his controversial rencounters with the dabblers in divinity—together with his incessant reading when he could snatch a favourable moment, our wonder will be greatly diminished. It is not from schools and colleges alone that education is acquired; individual perseverance is the most successful mean of promoting erudition; and though Burns was deficient in constancy, yet when he did study, the intenseness of his application supplied the want of continual exertion; and it is manifest from his writings, that before he became an author, he was acquainted with the works of the most eminent of our British poets, as well as with some of the Greek and Roman Classics through the medium of translations. He had a smattering of French; and might be able to read a few of the less obscure writers of that fashionable language.

That he has not introduced any of the mythology of Greece and Rome into his poems for the sake of embellishing his machinery, though the omission is lamented by Dr Moore, appears to us exceedingly fortunate. None of the heathen gods or goddesses could have figured so well in his national and local pieces, as the Fairies in the "Twa Brigs o' Air," or Fun, Superstition, and Hypocrisy, when personified in the "Holy Fair." In short, we regard Burns as a scholar of no contemptible rank, yet without detracting from his merit as an original genius, as his acquisitions were almost entirely his own, and only in a very slight degree

the result of assistance from foreign or mercenary auxiliaries.

THE MORALITY OF BURNS.

It is abundantly evident that, in early life, Burns was distinguished by the warmth and purity of his filial and fraternal affection. That he revered his father is obvious from the letter which he addressed to him from Irvine, and which would not have dishonoured the wise son of Jesse in offering an address to the King of Judah and Israel. That he fondly loved his brothers appears from his epistles to Gilbert, and from his remitting him a large sum of money the moment he could command it. Of his mother and sisters he uniformly speaks in terms of rapture. His gratitude was sincere and ardent. To John Ballantine, Esq. a man of discernment and taste, one who delighted in drawing merit from obscurity, and in patronizing genius, he addressed the "Twa Brigs o' Air." To Robert Aiken, Esq. who read him into fame, he dedicated "The Cottar's Saturday Night." To Gavin Hamilton, Esq. his friend even before he was known as a poet, and his patron and benefactor afterwards, he paid a tribute of regard in his poem called the Dedication. At the house of the Rev. Dr. Laurie, from whom he had received much kindness and hospitality, he left a copy of grateful verses. Of Professor Dugald Stuart he shows respectful recollection in several of his productions, especially the Vision, and of Mr. Graham of Fintry, his applause is unbounded. His Elegy on the Death of James Earl of Glencairn is a lasting monument of the sense he entertained of the disinterested friendship of that Nobleman, and his letters to Mrs. Dunlop are a convincing proof of the high value which he set on the amiable attention of that Lady to the interests of him and his family. His deviations from the

path of strict morality were such as can easily be accounted for from the peculiarity of his circumstances, and from a combination of causes over which few minds could exercise controul.

THE RELIGION OF BURNS.

To judge of Burns's religious principles from the pious sentiments breathed in the Cottar's Saturday Night, is of the same description as if we should form our opinion of the habitual frame of Cowper's mind, from the story of John Gilpin, or of the purity of the rest of Buchanan's writings, from his version of the Psalms of David.

It has not been satisfactorily demonstrated that Burns ever was what we call an orthodox believer. It would stagger the faith of a stranger to tell him that the following stanzas were the conceptions of the same mind, and the productions of the same pen,

“ They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs worthy of the name,
 Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays,” &c.

“ Mak' haste and turn King David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor,
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 And skirl up the Bångor,” &c.

“ The Priest like Father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high,
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalck's ungracious progeny,” &c.

“ Come let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a Niger,” &c.

Notwithstanding the discrepancy which appears in

these two Poems, we are ready to affirm that Burns was, at heart, as much the friend of true religion when he wrote the one, as when he composed the other.

In the Cottar's Saturday Night he pictures how men ought to worship their Heavenly Father, and in the Ordination he portrays the manner in which they actually offer up their religious adoration; but Burns knew well that the time of family worship, owing to the uninteresting formality of the performers, is often a period of stifled merriment or supine repose; and he was fully aware that the tiresome psalm-singing, long prayers and prolix harangues, which accompany what is called a popular Ordination, afford no proof whatever of the dominion of piety in the hearts of the worshippers—that the occasion, excepting perhaps to the individual who is undertaking an office of awful responsibility, is joyous in the extreme—and that the after part of the day is usually devoted to conviviality both by actors and auditors.

We can draw no certain conclusion in regard to Burns's spiritual attainments from his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, which, though they have been cried up by critics of the age as the best of his prose writings, we are disposed to style the very worst; not indeed as literary compositions, for there they rank very high, but as epistolary correspondence. They are too artfully arranged to be sincere, and they show less of the heart and real character of the writer, than many others that are more carelessly got up.

Mrs. Dunlop was a lady of lofty lineage—distinguished talents—admirable taste—and exalted piety. In addressing her Burns found himself in the predicament of one who has taken the veil, and who finds herself obliged to display external purity of manners, whatever the state of her inward thoughts may be.

“ Ah wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.”

In these justly celebrated letters, Burns expresses himself very gloomily with regard to a future state, and his quotations are too often repeated.

“ Tell us, ye dead, will none of you in pity ? ” &c.

A writer thoroughly convinced of the divine origin of christianity would hardly express himself in language so sceptical as the following, “ Jesus Christ, thou amiablest of characters, I trust thou art no impostor.” The conclusion of the paragraph, indeed, is more like the language of a christian.

THE POLITICS OF BURNS.

ENTERTAINING a kind of traditionary belief that his forefathers had fought under the banners of the Pretenders to the British throne, Burns avowed himself hostile to the legitimacy of the claims of the House of Brunswick, and in speech, writing, and action, gave violent displays of the spirit of a partisan. In Edinburgh he celebrated the birth day of Charles Stuart, and wrote an animated ode on the occasion. He also poured out some bitter invectives against the reigning family, and was guilty of other extravagancies in promulgating his sentiments, which operated as a bar to his promotion in the Excise.

THE ERRORS OF BURNS, AND THE ANALOGY WHICH THEY BEAR TO THOSE OF MANKIND IN GENERAL.

WE wish it to be distinctly understood, that our admiration of Burns is confined chiefly to his genius, and to the exhibition of that genius in his authenticated writings, and not to his character as a man ; but when we charge him with conduct which we do not attempt to justify, we are willing to divide the blame, and not to load his head exclusively with reproach.

The faults of Burns that were of a more prominent cast are said to have been, profaneness, intemperance, sensuality. He is accused of quoting scripture with impious levity. Burns was thoroughly versed in the Sacred Scriptures. This he owed as well to his taste for the sublime, as to the habitual practice of reading a chapter morning and evening in the exercise of family worship. His knowledge of Holy Writ, however, was rather that of a critic than a divine. Acquaintance with scripture language has no more a necessary tendency to render the character religious, than intimacy with the polite literature of Greece and Rome has to communicate refinement to the mind and polish to the manners of the pedagogue.

The introduction of an apposite quotation from Scripture gives a charm to conversation, an energy to prose composition, and an ineffable beauty to poetry; and in numberless instances the practice is as innocent as the quoting of a passage from a classical work. It is in our opinion hardly ever so offensive as the everlasting cant of the hypocrites of the day, who mouth the Scripture on the most trivial occasions, as applicable to their own experiences of the peculiar favour of Heaven, and as if none but themselves were of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the Parent of the Universe.

By a few references we shall endeavour to point out the guilt and innocency of Burns in his Scriptural allusions. To apply to our own case those passages of the sacred volume which the Saviour of men appropriated to himself is very reprehensible. In his letter to Dr. Moore, the following quotation, though beautifully appropriate, is, for the reason above-mentioned, of a blameable description, "*It will not seem surprising that where two or three met together there was I among them.*"

In his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, his allusions are sometimes similarly objectionable,—“I am almost an evangelical man in Nithsdale; for I have scarce any *where to lay my head*.”—“As to a Laird farming his own property, sowing his own corn in hope, and reaping it, in spite of brittle weather, in gladness, knowing that *none can say unto him what dost thou?*”

In a letter to Mr. Cuninghame, we consider the *seria mixta joci* as out of season—“Now to thee be given the precious things brought forth by the sun, and the precious things brought forth by the moon, and the benigntest influences of the stars, and the living streams which flow from *the fountain of life, and by the tree of life, for ever and ever, amen*.” The following are introduced with a portion of exquisite humour, but such as is unsuitable to the awful grandeur of the occasions when they were originally pronounced, “I was in a state of mind, scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus, “*Depart from me, ye cursed*”—“I have just received from my gentleman, that horrible summons in the book of Revelations, “*that time shall be no more*”. The felicitous manner in which some scriptural allusions are brought forward is sufficient to atone, in the estimation of the lovers of sterling wit, for the seeming impiety—“I am deeply read in Boston’s Fourfold State, Marshal on Sanctification, Guthrie’s Trial of a Saving Interest, &c. but *there is no balm in Gilead, there is no physician there for me*.” “*Finally, brethren, farewell, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are gentle, whatsoever things are charitable, whatsoever things are kind, think on these things, and think on—Robert Burns*.” “God knows I am no saint; but if I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would *wipe away all tears from all eyes*.” “I assure you, Sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling

affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble—I have, I say, like him, *turned my eyes to behold madness and folly.*” “I gapit wide but naething spak.” “I was nearly as much struck as the friends of Job, of affliction-bearing memory, when *they sat down with him seven days and seven nights, and spake not a word.*” “Would to God that I came under the apostle James’s description—“*The prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*” “As to my private concerns, I am going on *a mighty tax-gatherer before the Lord.*”

The citations which we are disposed to consider as perfectly harmless are such as these—when he compares himself to Elihu and says, “*I also will declare mine opinion*”—or the Nine to what he, by mistake, calls Solomon’s lilies, who “*toil not, neither do they spin*”—and when he says of himself, “*I returned like the dog to his vomit and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire*”—and of his father, that he was gone to where “*the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest*”—In a letter to Mr. Ainslie he thus expresses himself in an innocent parody of scripture language. “*As for the rest of my acts, and my wars, and my wise sayings, and why my mare was called Jenny Geddes, they shall be recorded a few weeks hence in the chronicles of your memory*”

Profane swearing is a vice altogether unproductive of pleasure or profit, and branded with the more than ordinary disapprobation of Heaven. It is not a little surprising, however, that the censors of the age are so severe in their animadversions on those who are, when provoked, occasionally guilty of profaning the holy and reverend name of their Creator, and that no censure is passed by them, on those criminals, who utter blasphemous prayers. Now we do not regard it as a difficult problem to demonstrate, that, in the present day, there is more insult offered to the Majesty of

Heaven, by praying than by swearing, and we should willingly give in exchange a few of those *soi-disants* saints who have, what they call the gift of prayer, for the swearers of the old school, who, along with their partial profanity would bring us back that uniformly dignified integrity, those elevated sentiments of honour, that steadfast regard to truth, and that urbanity of manners, which we so much desiderate. At the time when Burns became noticed in the world, the sin of swearing was rather too common; and even ladies of eminent rank, virtue, and refinement, were not ashamed of being, at times, delivered of a bold oath. This, though it does not amount to a justification, approaches to a palliation of the crime of Burns, as we frame excuses for the indecencies of Shakespeare and Dryden, by pleading the manners of the age in which they lived.

To fix on any one the character of habitual drunkenness is extremely difficult. To this character Burns made an approximation, and if the vice admit of extenuation in any case, it must do it in that of Burns. To mingle in the society of the wealthy, the witty and the jovial, without participating in their enjoyments, is what we can hardly expect from any, save those who, by delicacy of constitution, are debarred from indulgence. Burns could not plead imbecility or incapacity for social pleasures. He, therefore, conformed to the practices of his contemporaries, and was not more culpable than they. Now, we know, that many of the most respectable characters in the kingdom for talents, morality, and piety, seldom, when health permits, retire to rest without having a Hawick gill *under their belt*. We ought not therefore rashly to condemn any man for exceeding in the exercise of the benevolent affections, and at the same time applaud the miser, who, with an air of sanctity, abstains from conviviality, merely to save his purse.

Burns was for several years devoted to setting the table in a roar, but he was never of habits truly expensive, nor did his love of jollity encroach on the time which his official duties challenged. It was not till the very close of his life, when his disappointments required soothing, and his diminishing energies called for a stimulus, that he deserved the character of habitual intemperance.*

“ To dear deluding woman .

The joy of joys,”

Burns was partial in the extreme.—This was owing, as well to his constitutional temperament, as to the admiration which he drew from the female world, and the facility with which they met his advances. But his aberrations must have been notorious, when a man in the rank of Miss Armour’s father refused his consent to his permanent union with his unfortunate daughter. Among the lower classes of the community, subsequent marriage is reckoned an ample atonement for former indiscretion, and ante-nuptial incontinency is looked upon as scarcely a transgression.

Much has been said and written on the subject of equality in the married state. We, for our part, recognize no species of equality but personal equality. Yet such is the case, that when a young man or woman forms a matrimonial union with a partner only one degree lower than he or she in the scale of rank, it occasions as much alarm among friends and relatives, and as much *clishmaclaver* at tea tables, and in gossiping parties, as if the house of Brunswick had formed an alliance with the house of Meg Merrilees. In France the Nobility viewed themselves as a separate and privileged class, and it was regarded as infamous for any of them to intermarry, excepting with, at least, sprigs of Nobility. This idiotical exclusive privilege was one cause that tended to accelerate the Revolu-

tion. But if ever the period shall arrive, when, in our nation, it shall be deemed a circumstance truly degrading for the son or daughter of a Nobleman, to match in wedlock with the daughter or son of a Commoner, farewell to the prosperity, farewell to the felicity, farewell to the stability of the British Empire! for it is this intermixture of ranks, this confusion of orders, that gives wisdom to the legislative and energy to the executive branches of our political Constitution.

We doubt whether it was the station or circumstances of Burns that rendered the parents of Jean Armour so hostile to his marriage with their daughter; we rather incline to the opinion already stated, that it was the notoriety of his miscellaneous amours.

Much praise has been lavished on Burns for renewing his engagement with his Jean when in the blaze of his fame, and when he might have had it in his power, to enter into affinity with some family of distinction. The praise is misplaced. We do not think a man entitled to credit or commendation for doing what the law could compel him to perform. Burns was in reality a married man; for when an acknowledgment of marriage is made in Scotland before witnesses, the parties themselves cannot afterwards annul it, without the interposition of the Commissary Court. It is truly ludicrous to hear Burns, aware as he must have been of the indissoluble power of the obligation, though every document was destroyed, talking of his being a bachelor. "I shall somewhere have a farm soon—I was going to say a wife too, but that must never be my blessed lot—I am but a younger son of the house of Parnassus, and like other sons of great families, I may intrigue, if I choose to run every risk, but must not marry."—The arguments adduced to prove the felicity of Burns in his conjugal or domestic state are by no means conclusive. That sentimental raving about "bliss beyond

compare" is no proof of its existence. It should be taken for granted, that married persons are happy—it ought to be regarded as a sin to call it in question, and the less that is said about it, by the parties, the better. It is by no means praiseworthy to

“ Enlarge upon't till all men doubt it.”

The Poet, who is really so from nature and by profession, would do well to dedicate himself to a life of celibacy. Those luxurious and voluptuous descriptions of beauty which he is continually intermingling with his other effusions, are apt to awaken jealousy in the soul of his help-mate, if she be subject to ordinary weaknesses ; and Burns is severely treated by the moral critic for perpetually making love to those inspirers of his lays to whom he addressed his lyrical compositions. But had not Burns supposed himself to be, as it were, metamorphosed into the lady's lover, his lighter pieces would have wanted that witchery which is the very soul of such compositions ; for nothing can be more insipid than a love-song without heart.

The sturdy independence of Burns's mind has proved the theme of panegyric and ridicule. That he was too fastidious when he refused from Mr. Thomson all remuneration for his intellectual labours will easily be admitted ; but his refusal of £50 *per annum* from the proprietors of a London Opposition Newspaper, who requested him to furnish them with a weekly poetical communication, was not extraordinary. If the Journalists in question supported a line of politics to which Burns was inimical, he could not with propriety close with their offer : nor could he, without hazarding his income as a revenue officer, accept the proposal from those, who were doing all in their power to embarrass that Government from whom he was deriving his subsistence. His contempt for riches, rank and title, was

partly affected, and partly caused by that conscious superiority which genius arrogates to itself, and which cannot brook neglect from men of inferior capacity, but who are in the accidental possession of advantages which give them pre-eminence in the eye of the world.

The bursts of indignation, on the part of Burns, against titled blockheads, are too frequent and too violent. The objects of his invectives were perhaps as valuable members of society as those whom he loaded with applause; and in his serious moments, he deeply lamented his want of self-government in that particular.

It is dangerous to offend or affect to despise the *genus irritabile vatum*, and if men of rank and fortune would only treat mental superiority, with that deference which it justly challenges, their names would descend to posterity coupled with those of the luminaries of the age; whereas an angry epigram from the pen of a Burns will transmit to latest ages even a respectable name with the accompaniment of contempt. We have seen men of title yielding the precedence to acknowledged genius, though far below them in the scale of rank; and we never perceived that they sank in the estimation of their fellow creatures by their condescension, but rather that they rose higher as patterns of politeness.

The sole instance of disingenuousness which we have heard charged against Burns, is that of having addressed a poetical epistle to one of the companions of his early years, and having afterwards changed the address when the poem was printed, and dedicated it to another from whose friendship he expected to derive a greater accession of literary fame.

The varied Beauties of the Poetry of Burns have been described in language of inimitable force and elegance. To the able criticisms already before the public we have little to add. But as some of his writ-

ings have been condemned to execration, and himself to everlasting torture, for having written them, by men of avowed piety, we shall confine our remarks to the obnoxious pieces.

THE TWA HERDS.

This is an admirable Satire, and its natural tendency is to check an abuse, which, if suffered to increase, would soon have banished evangelical truth from our happy land.

No curse can befall a nation with regard to the civil administration of its affairs more pregnant with calamity than universal suffrage ; and, consequently, if that mode of election be pernicious in politics, it must be terribly fatal in matters of religion. It is a kind of anomaly in ecclesiastical economy, that the most ignorant of mankind should sit in judgment on the qualifications of those who are to be their teachers. This practice is thus reprobated by Burns with singular felicity—

“ To get the brutes the pow’r themselves
To choose their herds.”

THE KIRK’S ALARM.

It is now admitted by all, even by those who were his greatest adversaries, that the prosecution against Dr. Macgill was a persecution, and that true religion would have been less scandalized by permitting the Essay, with all its errors, which we are far from defending, to circulate unnoticed, than it has been by the acrimony displayed in the conducting of the process. The wicked wit of Burns was directed with much effect against the indulgence of an illiberal, uncharitable and unchristian spirit ; and his portraits, though introduced with considerable aggravation of features, like Sir Roger de Coverly’s when metamorphosed into that of the

Saracen's head, bear a striking resemblance to the originals ; and, with regard to many of the points in dispute, the language of the worthy Baronet employed by his taciturn friend is extremely applicable—" Much may be said on both sides."

THE HOLY FAIR.

THE shafts of ridicule are the best weapons for exposing absurdity. When serious remonstrance is of no avail, Hudibrastic humour is often efficacious in diminishing the baleful influence, of what a preacher, whose eloquence is *sui generis*, calls enthusiasm, fanaticism, mysticism, hypocrisy and cant. There is hardly any part of our form of public worship less edifying than field or tent preaching ; and the incoherent harangues uttered by one who combines the gesticulations of a mountebank with those of an auctioneer, are calculated to amuse the populace, but not to instruct them. We venerate and love religion as a chaste matron, or an unsullied virgin ; and we have no objections to her being occasionally exhibited to the view of the public in all her beauty. It is the prostitution of her charms that we execrate.

Burns in that delightful satire has not offered a single sneer at the solemnity itself.—He has only attacked the abuses attendant on the mode of conducting it—abuses which are expressly condemned by the laws of the Church, and the acts of the General Assembly.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKIN.

ANOTHER practice in the Church of Scotland susceptible of great abuse, but now getting fast into disrepute, is placing transgressors, who are perhaps less guilty than nine-tenths of the congregation, on the stool of repentance, and giving them a rebuke, often couched in the most indecent language, in the pre-

sence of youth, and beauty, and innocence. Several of Burns's happiest effusions are adapted to display this part of ecclesiastical discipline in all its abominable colours, and will no doubt co-operate with the improvements of the age to accomplish its desuetude.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

THIS was not only the prayer of Holy Willie, but it is merely the metrical version of every prayer that is offered up by those who call themselves the pure reformed church of Scotland. [In the course of his reading and polemical warfare, Burns embraced and defended the opinions of Taylor, Macgill, and that school of Divines.] He could not reconcile his mind to that picture of the Being, whose very essence is Love, which is drawn by the high Calvinists or the representatives of the Covenanters—namely, that he is disposed to grant salvation to none but a few of their sect. [That the whole Pagan world, the disciples of Mahomet, the Roman Catholics, the Lutherans, and even the Calvinists who differ from them in certain tenets, must, like Korah, Dathan and Abiram, descend to the pit of perdition, man, woman, and child, without the possibility of escape; but such are the identical doctrines of the Cameronians of the present day, and such was Holy Willie's style of prayer.] The hypocrisy and dishonesty of the man, who was at the time a reputed Saint, were perceived by the discerning penetration of Burns, and to expose them he considered his duty. The terrible view of the Deity exhibited in that able production is precisely the same view which is given of him, in different words, by many devout preachers at present. They inculcate, that the greatest sinner is the greatest favourite of heaven—that a reformed bawd is more acceptable to the Almighty than a pure virgin, who has hardly ever transgressed

even in thought—that the lost sheep alone will be saved, and that the ninety-and-nine out of the hundred will be left in the wilderness, to perish without mercy—that the Saviour of the world loves the elect, not from any lovely qualities which they possess for they are hateful in his sight, but “he loves them because he loves them.” Such are the sentiments which are breathed by those who are denominated High Calvinists, and from which the soul of a poet who loves mankind, and who has not studied the system in all its bearings, recoils with horror. The supporters of these doctrines consider themselves borne out by scripture, and the standards of the Church. Now, the truth is this, the compilers of our Confession of Faith, with a most commendable degree of prudence, have worded the article Predestination in such a manner, as to express both the free agency and accountableness of man.—But the Antinomian mode of expounding this high doctrine adopted by some interpreters of scripture, bereaves man entirely of volition; and the gloomy forbidding representation which they give of the Supreme Being has a tendency to produce insanity and lead to suicide.

To attempt, by the exercise of super-eminent abilities, and the splendor of unrivalled eloquence, to reconcile this system, on rational grounds, with the discoveries of modern astronomy, is magnificent raving.

THE CALF.

THAT Burns frequently exposed to ridicule the foibles of respectable characters, and that he would sooner have lost his friend than his jest, cannot be denied. The lady on whose bonnet a certain vile intruder made its appearance was perhaps as little verminiferous as any other in the congregation; but the word “louse” has associated ideas of slovenliness with her

person, which her acknowledged purity and elegance have scarcely been able to banish from our minds.

The Bible contains such a variety of sublime, beautiful and pathetic passages, that preachers can never be at a loss for unexceptionable texts; and to choose a *queer* text, out of affectation of singularity, a love of popular admiration, or a desire of displaying great talents by bringing the gospel out of any thing, is to expose themselves to ridicule, and bring religion into disgrace.

We can by no means commend the honest Dissenter, who, at the dispensation of the most solemn service of our holy religion, chose as the ground of his action-sermon, the following passage, "a Bell and a Pomegranate—a Bell and a Pomegranate round about the hem of the robe."—One of his elders afterwards thus addressed him—"Sir, you was a droll text, but you brought the gospel out o't." Such instances of vicious taste are fair game for poetical reprehension, for says the Bard

"Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romantic I must part it."

Burns entertained no malignity at the preacher. He probably was pleased with his appearance, his manner, and his eloquence; but Mr. Hamilton had requested him, on his saying he was going to church, to bring him a note of the sermon, and accordingly he presented him with the laughable *jeu d'esprit*.

Thus, we think, we have demonstrated that Burns has contributed his share towards accomplishing the abolition of tent preaching and stools of repentance—proving the disastrous consequences of popular elections, and leading the liberal mind to a rational view of the nature of prayer, pointing out the danger of mistaking the operations of party spirit for the exercise of zeal in the cause of the truth, and in short checking that flood

of fanaticism with which the land is in danger of being deluged, by those who darken counsel by words without knowledge. Now that the Poet is sleeping with his fathers—peace to his ashes. It is the moral tendency of those of his writings that were published under his own inspection, to which alone the eye of criticism should be directed; and we feel a thorough conviction that, in this particular, Burns has done as much to promote the interests of morality and rational piety, as any writer of the age in which he flourished. To the young, the gay, the witty and the fair, who must have amusement, he has presented a mental treat of the utmost purity. By adapting unexceptionable verses to our delightful and plaintive national melodies, by substituting delicate words for the gross ribaldry of the former age, and by reforming the licentious character of the Scottish Ballad, he has conferred an obligation of no ordinary magnitude on his native land. It was truly lamentable, previous to the epoch of this reformation, to hear songs, stained with such indecencies as “Dainty Davie, Duncan Gray, Logan Water, On a Bank of Flowers, Down the Burn Davie, She rose and loot me in”—sung in concert by young men and maidens—but Burns by the changes which he has introduced has furnished the lovers of harmony with a series of the sweetest lyrics that ever appeared in any language, which chastity herself may read without inward reproach, and modesty listen to without a blush.

Burns died in the prime of life. Had he been spared till the play of the passions was over, it is probable he would have obtained a place in the Calendar of Saints. The most profligate of men has nothing more to do than to profess his penitence—to boast like a Freemason—“not what I was, but what I am.” He may glory in his shame. He may preach about his having formerly swallowed all manner of uncleanness with

greediness—let him only employ a peculiar phraseology, and be careful to encourage every thing like enthusiasm, and he will be regarded by a considerable proportion of his fellow creatures, as a jewel of the first water. But, certainly, though we should be extremely unwilling to cut off any person from the hope of pardon, yet we place very little reliance on the self-denial of imbecility, or the piety of dotage.

It has been viewed as a matter of reproach against the patrons of Burns, that, although he numbered among his intimate friends men of exalted station, great affluence, and superior influence, yet all that their patronage could obtain for him, was a situation under Government, which any man of ordinary interest could procure for his footman. It ought to be remembered that this was the only situation which Burns thought himself capable of filling.—He had studied practical mathematics at school, and in particular gauging as a branch of that science.—He never aspired to any other office, and though at first in the lowest department, the highest situation, even that of a Collector, a very honourable, lucrative and independent post, was open to his ambition—a post which he would undoubtedly have soon obtained, had not his own imprudence intervened and baffled every effort of his friends to advance him.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

BURNS' POEMS,

PUBLISHED AT KILMARNOCK.

THE following Trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these, and other celebrated names their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed*. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulse of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his

nonsense on the world ; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth !

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shensstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that ‘ *Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised ‘ one to fame !’ If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces ; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life ; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION

Of the Second Edition of the Poems, formerly printed.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the PLOUGH, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the plough,

and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen.

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, }
APRIL 4, 1787. }

POEMS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.



THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure :
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar :
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his towzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gaucy tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice an' moudiworts they howkit;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 An' there began a lang digression
 About the *lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell:
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonnie silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan':
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough;
 A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and sic like,
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
 But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
 An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
 They gang as saucy by poor fo'k,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash:
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble;
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches:
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in less or mair provided;

An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives :
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or teil what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When *rural life*, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps ; an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upon the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed roun' wi' right guid will ;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle Master,
Wha' aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him ;
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him :
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading :
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,
 To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles :
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid ! for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate !
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cottar !
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows !
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master *Cæsar*,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them ;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right enough ;
A country lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel :
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy :
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless :
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman ;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloaming brought the night :
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair ;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
 There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his *loves* or *debts*,
 An' minds his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas,
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken *Bacchus*,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice *Scots* bear can mak us,
 In glass or jug.

O thou, my *Muse* ! guid auld *Scotch Drink*,
 Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
 To sing thy name !

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
 Thou king o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food !
 Or tumblin in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin ;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear :
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At's weary toil :
Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then *Burnewin** comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,

th *Burnewin*—*burn-the-wind*--the Blacksmith--an appropriate title.

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight,
 Wae worth the name ;
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the *barley-bree*
 Cement the quarrel !
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
 But monie daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken hash,
 O' half his days ;
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
 Poor plackless devils like mysel
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*,
 Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky* ! soul o' plays an' pranks !
 Accept a Bardie's humble thanks !
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses !

Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s !

Thee, *Ferintosh* ! O sadly lost !
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a' ;
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky Stells* their prize !
Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
There, seize the blinkers !
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *Whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY & PRAYER *
TO THE
SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES
IN THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation ! last and best—
— How art thou lost ! —

Parody on Milton.

YE IRISH Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

* This was written before the act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
 Your Honors heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin on her a—e

Low i' the dust,
 An' sciechin out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland and *me's* in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction

On *Aquavitæ* :
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*,
 The honest, open, naked truth :

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble :
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
 Speak out, an' never fash your thumb !
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw ;
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle ;
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle :
 An' d—mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin a *Stell*,
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussle
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard Smuggler right behind her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
 Colleguing join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
 But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
 Or gab like *Boswell*,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues;
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran:
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran* ;*
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' *Graham* ;†
 An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
 True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay* ;
 An' *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*,
 An' monie ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her *kettle* ;

* Sir Adam Fergusson.

† The present Duke of Montrose.

Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
 Ye'll see't, or lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid ;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie !)
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her Whisky.

An, L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' the first she meets !

For G—d sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive, wi' a' your Wit and Lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cowe the caddie ;
 An' send him to his dicing box
 An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's**
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach
 Nor erudition.
 Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The *Coalition*.

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he
 sometimes studied Politics over a glass of guid auld *Scotch Drink*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung ;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
 Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your Honors a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt *St. Jamie's* !
 Your humble Poet sings an' prays
 While *Rab* his name is.

—

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-starv'd slaves, in warmer skies,
 See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise,
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blythe and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
 Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther ;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,

Say, such is royal *George's* will,
 An' there's the foe,
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him :
 Death comes !—wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
 Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him :
 An' when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
 In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
 An' raise a philosophic reek,
 An' physically causes seek,
 In clime and season ;
 But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
 Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine your dam ;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither !
 Tak aff your dram !



THE HOLY FAIR.*

A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty Observation ;
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
 The dirk of Defamation :
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon ;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in *Religion*.
 Hypocrisy a-la-mode.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air,

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin
 Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way ;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes !
 Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes :
 The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me ;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commands
 ' A screed some day.

V.

' My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ' The nearest friend ye hae ;
 ' An' this is *Superstition* here,
 ' An' that's *Hypocrisy*,

‘ I’m gaun to ***** *Holy Fair*
 ‘ To spend an hour in daffin :
 ‘ Gin ye’ll go there, yon runkl’d pair,
 ‘ We will get famous laughin
 ‘ At them this day.’

VI.

Quoth I, ‘ With a’ my heart, I’ll do’t ;
 ‘ I’ll get my Sunday’s sark on,
 ‘ An’ meet you on the holy spot ;
 ‘ Faith we’s e hae fine remarkin !’
 Then I gae’d hame at crowdie-time
 An’ soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi’ monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
 Gaed hoddin by their cottars ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
 Are springin o’er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an’ scarlets glitter ;
 Wi’ *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An’ *farls* bak’d wi’ butter
 Fu’ crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi’ ha’pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An’ we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev’ry side they’re gathrin,
 Some carryin deàls, some chairs an’ stools;
 An’ some are busy blethrin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show’rs,
 An’ screen our country Gentry,
 There, *racer Jess*, an’ twa-three wh-res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.

Here sits a raw of tittlin jads,
 Wi' heaving breasts and bare neck,
 An' there a batch of wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K———ck
 For *fun* this day.

X.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces ;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom.
 Unken'd that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For ***** speels the holy door
 Wi' tidings o' salvation,
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin an' he's jumpin !

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 Oh how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day !

XIV.

But, hark ! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer ;
 For a' the *real judges* rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 ***** opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals ;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine
 Or moral pow'rs and reason ?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
 Or some auld pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For ***** frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate, *
 Fast, fast, that day.

XVII.

Wee ***** niest, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :

* A street so called which faces the *tent* in —.

But, faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,
 So cannily he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators ;
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 An' there the pint stoup clatters ;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
 Than eithir School or College :
 It kindles wit, it waukens lear,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
 Be't whisky-gill, or penny-wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent,
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' forming assignations,
 To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts :
 Black ***** is na spairin :

O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel,
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith and hope, an' love an' drink,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
 As saft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine ;
 There's some are fou o' brandy ;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in houghmagandie
 Some ither day.



DEATH & DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd :
 Ev'n Ministers, they hae been ken'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.
 But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befel,

Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll
 Or Dublin city :
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty :
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches ;
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre :
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel ;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I could na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie swither ;
 An awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouter,
 Clear-dangling, hang ;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava !
 And then, its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma,
 As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-ecn,' quo' I ; 'Friend ! hae ye been mawin,
 'When ither folk are busy sawin ?'*
 It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak ;
 At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
 'Will ye go back ?'

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

It spak right howe,—‘ My name is *Death*,
 ‘ But be na’ fley’d.’—Quoth I, ‘ Guid faith,
 ‘ Ye’re maybe come to stap my breath ;
 ‘ But tent me billie :
 ‘ I red ye weel, tak care o’ skaith,
 ‘ See, there’s a gully !’
 ‘ Gudeman,’ quo’ he, ‘ put up your whittle,
 ‘ I’m no design’d to try its mettle ;
 ‘ But if I did, I wad be kittle
 ‘ To be mislear’d,
 ‘ I wad na mind it, no, that spittle
 ‘ Out-owre my beard.
 ‘ Weel, weel !’ says I, ‘ a bargain be’t ;
 ‘ Come, gies your hand, an’ sae we’re gree’t ;
 ‘ We’ll ease our shanks an’ tak a seat,
 ‘ Come, gie’s your news ;
 ‘ This while* ye hae been mony a gate
 ‘ At mony a house.’
 ‘ Ay, ay !’ quo’ he, an’ shook his head,
 ‘ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
 ‘ Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
 ‘ An’ choke the breath :
 ‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,
 ‘ An’ sae maun *Death*.
 ‘ Sax thousand years are near-hand fled
 ‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
 ‘ An’ mony a scheme in vain’s been laid
 ‘ To stap or scaur me ;
 ‘ Till ane *Hornbook’s*† ta’en up the trade,
 ‘ An’ faith, he’ll waur me.
 ‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
 ‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !
 ‘ He’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan* ‡
 An’ ither chaps,
 ‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin
 ‘ An’ pouk my hips.

* An epidemical fever was then raging in the country.

† This gentleman, Dr. *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

‡ *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine*.

‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 ‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
 ‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
 ‘ And cursed skill,
 ‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 ‘ Damn’d haet they’ll kill.

‘ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 ‘ I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 ‘ Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain ;
 ‘ But deil-ma-care,
 ‘ It just play’d dirl on the bane,
 ‘ But did nae mair.

‘ *Hornbook* was by, wi’ ready art,
 ‘ And had sae fortify’d the part,
 ‘ That when I looked to my dart,
 ‘ It was sae blunt,
 ‘ Fient haet o’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
 ‘ O’ a kail-runt.

‘ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 ‘ I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 ‘ But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ‘ Withstood the shock ;
 ‘ I might as weel hae try’d a quarry
 ‘ O’ hard whun rock.

‘ Ev’n them he canna get attended,
 ‘ Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
 ‘ Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
 ‘ As soon’s he smells’t,
 ‘ Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 ‘ At once he tell’st.

‘ And then o’ doctor’s saws an’ whittles,
 ‘ O’ a’ dimensions, shapes, an’ mettles,
 ‘ A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, an’ bottles,
 ‘ He’s sure to hae ;
 ‘ Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 ‘ As A B C.

‘ Calces o’ fossils, earth, an’ trees ;
 ‘ True Sal-marinum o’ the seas ;
 ‘ The Farina o’ beans and pease,
 ‘ He has’t in plenty ;
 ‘ Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 ‘ He can content ye.

' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 ' Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
 ' Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 ' Distill'd *per se* ;
 ' Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail-clippings,
 ' And mony mae.'

' Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole** now,
 Quo' I, ' if that the news be true !
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 ' Sae white an' bonnie,
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the pleugh ;
 ' They'll ruin *Johnny* !'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, ' Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 ' Kirkyards will soon be till'd enough,
 ' Tak ye nae fear :
 ' They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
 ' In twa-three year.

' Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
 ' By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
 ' This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 ' That *Hornbook's* skill
 ' Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 ' By drap an' pill.

' An honest Wabster to his trade,
 ' Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
 ' Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ' When it was sair ;
 ' The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 ' But ne'er spak mair.

' A countra Laird had ta'en the bats,
 ' Or some curmurrin in his guts,
 ' His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ' An' pays him well.
 ' The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
 ' Was laird himsel.

' A bonnie lass, ye ken her name,
 ' Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame :
 ' She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
 ' In *Hornbook's* care

* The Grave-digger.

‘ *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
 ‘ To hide it there.
 ‘ That’s just a swatch o’ *Hornbook’s* way,
 ‘ Thus goes he on fro n day to day,
 ‘ Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,
 ‘ An’s weel paid for’t ;
 ‘ Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,
 ‘ Wi’ his d-mn’d dirt :
 ‘ But, hark ! I’ll tell you o’ a plot,
 ‘ Tho’ dinna ye be speaking o’t ;
 ‘ I’ll nail the self-conceited Scot,
 ‘ As dead’s a herrin :
 ‘ Neist time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,
 ‘ He gets his fairin !’

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the *twa*,
 Which rais’d us baith :
 I took the way that pleas’d mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.



THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq. Ay.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev’ry bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton’d plovers, grey, wild-whistling o’er the hill ;
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant’s lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel’d,
 And train’d to arms in stern Misfortune’s field ;
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose ?

No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

.....

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap ;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brunstane reek :
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. }
 'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care ;
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;

* A noted Tavern at the Auld Brig end.

Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock** had number'd two,
 And *Wallace-Tow'r** had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore ;
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand, the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings he heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos*† drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual fo'k ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got ;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see ;

* * The two steeples.

† The gos-hawk, or falcon.

There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie *Brigs* o' modern time ?
There's men o' taste would tak the *Ducat-stream*,*
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn !
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deep'ning deluges o'erflow the plains ;
When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
Or haunted *Garpal*† draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his sna-broo rows ;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
And from *Glenbuck*,‡ down to the *Ratton-key*,§
Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost !

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

‡ The source of the river *Ayr*.

§ A small landing-place above the large key.

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't !
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, }
 And still the *second dread command* be free, }
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cle ners ;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your *hurdies* to the *smiters* ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye *godly Writers* ;
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do ?
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story.
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;

But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*
 and *Harbours* !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said eneugh,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle ;
 But, under favor o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd :
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd liberal views in Bonds and Seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

.....

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell ; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd ;
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of *Minstrelsy* among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
 O had *M'Lauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear th's heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear *Sirathspeys* they bore with
 Highland rage,
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lillies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye ;
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide ;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* :
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :
 Last, white rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death ;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to Frugal Heav'n—
 To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.

I.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters fidge an' claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations ;
 An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 Of a' denominations,
 Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
 An' there tak up your stations ;
 Then aff to *B-gb*—'s in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ;*
 But O***** aft inae her yell,
 An' R***** sair misca'd her ;
 This day M'***** taks the flail,
 And he's the boy will blaud her !
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to daub her
 Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor ;
 This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 An' gloriously shall whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
 Which made *Canaan* a niger ;
 Or *Phineas*† drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
 Or *Zipporah*,‡ the scauldin jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion ;

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the Laigh Kirk,

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' *runts o' grace*, the pick and wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* :
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

VIII

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our Patron, honest man ! *Glencairn*,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

IX.

Now R***** harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever :
 Or try the wicked town of A**,
 For there they'll think you clever ;

Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a Shaver ;
 Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
 And turn a Carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons :
 And ay' he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' 2' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingein thro' the city :
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow its unco pretty :
 There, Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin onions !
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice ! ,
 Come bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :

M*****, R*****, are the boys,
 That Heresy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cow her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,
 To every *New Light** mother's son,
 From this time forth, confusion :
 If mair they deave us with their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.



THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ———.

On his Text, Malachi, ch. iv. ver. 2. " And they shall go forth,
 " and grow up, like *calves* of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though Heretics may laugh ;
 For instance, there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco *Calf* !

And should some Patron be so kind,
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
 Ye're still as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
 You e'er should be a *Stot* !

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been, that you may wear
 A noble head of *horns*.

* *New Light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

And in your lug, most reverend *James*,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the *nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
' Here lies a famous *Bullock* !'

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.

Milton.

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
Far kend and noted is thy name ;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far ;
An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend *Graunie* say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
 Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rers way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman !
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone ;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough :
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squattered, like a drake,
 On whistlin wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed ;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain ;
 For, oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill ;
 An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse ;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
 D 2

Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' 'nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*,
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys,
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons'* mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell !

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r :

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog !
Ye came to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa' !)
An' gied the infant warld a shog
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better fo'k,
An' sklented on the *man of Uzz*
Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,

While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
 To your black pit;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a *stake*,
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den
 Ev'n for your sake!



THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When *Hughoc** he cam doytin by.

* Vide Milton, Book VI.

* A neebor herd-callan.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's.
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
 He gaped wide, but naething spak !
 At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

' O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
 My *dying words* attentive hear, .
 An' bear them to my Master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 O, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
 But ca' them out to park or hill,
 An' let them wander at their will ;
 So may his flock increase, an' grow
 To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo' !

' Tell him, he was a Master kin',
 An' ay was guid to me an' mine ;
 An' now my dying charge I gie him,
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives !
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel :
 An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
 Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

' An' may they never learn the gaets
 Of ither vile wanrestfu' *pets* !
 To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
 At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great Forbears,
 For monie a year come thro' the sheers :
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
 O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
 An', if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast !

An' warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither menseless, graceless, brutes.

' An' niest my *yowie*, silly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string ;
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop ;
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel !

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith :
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,
 Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

' Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
 To tell my Master a' my tale ;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blether.'

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
 An' clos'd her een amang the dead !

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
 Our bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead ;
 The last sad cape-stane of his woes,
 Poor Mailie's dead !

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed :
 He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
 A lang half-mile she could descry him ;

Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A frien' mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the *Tweed*:
A bonnier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a *rape*!
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread ;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonnie *Doon* !
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune !
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed !
His heart will never get aboon !
His *Mailie's* dead.

TO J. S****.

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society !
 I owe thee much.——

Blair.

DEAR S****, the sleest, paukie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts ;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
 And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
 Just gaun to see you ;
 And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
 Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
 She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
 On her *first* plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancie yerkit up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin' ?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an *aim* I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
 Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid black *prent* ;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, ‘ Hoolie !
‘ I red you, honest man, tak tent !
‘ Ye’ll shaw your folly.

‘ There’s ither poets, much your betters,
‘ Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o’ letters,
‘ Hae thought they had ensur’d their debtors,
‘ A’ future ages ;
‘ Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
‘ Their unknown pages.’

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistlin thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound an' hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave *care* o'er side!
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
For, ance that five-an-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs!' and warm implore,
'Tho' I should wander *terra o'er*,

‘ In all her climes,
‘ Grant me but this, I ask no more,
‘ Ay rowth o’ rhymes.

' Gie dreepin roasts to countra lairds,
 ' Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 ' Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 ' And maids of honour ;
 ' And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
 ' Until they sconner.

' A title *Dempster* merits it ;
 ' A garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 ' Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent.
 ' But give me real, sterling wit,
 ' And I'm content.

' While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 ' I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 ' Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,
 ' Wi' cheerfu' face,
 ' As lang's the muses dinna fail
 ' To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
As weel's I may ;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise* ;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 —Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
 Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' *you* to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason ;
 But surely *dreams* were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureat's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee ; and in his dreaming fancy made the following *Address*.]

GUID-MORNING to your *Majesty* !
 May heav'n augment your blisses,
 On ev'ry new *birth-day* ye see,
 A humble poet wishes !
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Amang the birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony a lord and lady ;
 ' God save the king ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay ;
 The *poets* too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

For me ! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on *your grace*,
 Your kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But facts are chiefs that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft and clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation !
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaster ;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester ;
 For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *largain* wearing faster,
 Or faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges,)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges :

But, G-d's-sake ! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonnie barges
 An' boats this day.

Adieu, my *Liege* ! may freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great birth-day.

Hail *Majesty Most Excellent* !
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye ?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' W——,
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged *cowte's* been known
 To mak a noble *aiver* ;
 So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver :
 There, him* at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John*, †
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff: *vide* Shakespeare.

For you, right rev'rend O———,
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Although a ribban at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer :
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trouth ! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious *galley*,* stem an' stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An', large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a' plenty :
 But sneer nae *British boys* awa',
 For kings are unco scant ay ;
 An' German gentles are but *sma'*,
 They're better just than *want ay*
 On onie day.

God bless you a' ! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dawtlet ;
 But, ere the *course* o' life be thro',
 It may be bitter sautet :
 An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.

* Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST,*

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roarin play,
 An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary *flingin-tree*,
 The lee-lang day had tired me ;
 And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the *spence*, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,
 The auld clay biggin ;
 An' heard the restless rattons squeek
 About the riggin ;

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae-thing,
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
 My cash account :
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof !
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
 Till my last breath—

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a disgressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

When click ! the string the snick did draw ;
 And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
 An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
 I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen ;
 When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;
 I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
 By that same token ;
 An' come to stop those reckless vows,
 Wou'd soon been broken.

A 'hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,'
 Was strongly marked in her face ;
 A wildly-witty rustic grace
 Shone full upon her ;
 Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
 And such a leg ! my bonnie *Jean*
 Could only peer it ;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her *mantle* large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
 Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand ;
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
 A *well known* land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
 There, mountains to the skies were tost :
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
 With surging foam ;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds :
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *borough* rear'd her head,
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
An' polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows ;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Southron foes.

His Country's Saviour,** mark him well !
Bold *Richardton*'s† heroic swell :
The chief on *Sark*,‡ who glorious fell,
In high command ;
And *he* whom ruthless fates expel
His native land,

There, where a scepter'd *Pictish* shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,

* The Wallaces.

*** William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver
of Scottish independence,

† Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

§ Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,†
 Near many a hermit fancied cove,
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love)
 In musing mood,
 An *aged judge*, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe‡
 The learned *sire* and *son* I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward§ I well could spy,
 Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye;
 Who call'd on fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a patriot name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heav'nly-seeming *fair*;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear,
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

‘ All hail ! my own inspired bard !
 ‘ In me thy native muse regard !
 ‘ Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ‘ Thus poorly low !
 ‘ I come to give thee such reward
 ‘ As we bestow.

† Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.

‡ Catrine, the seat of the late doctor, and present professor Stewart.

§ Colonel Fullarton.

' Know, the great *genius* of this land
 ' Has many a light, ærial band,
 ' Who, all beneath his high command,
 ' Harmoniously,
 ' As arts or arms they understand,
 ' Their labours ply.

' They *Scotia's* race among them share ;
 ' Some fire the soldier on to dare ;
 ' Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 ' Corruption's heart :
 ' Some teach the bard, a darling care,
 ' The tuneful art.

' 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 ' They, ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 ' Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
 ' They, sightless, stand,
 ' To mend the honest patriot-lore,
 ' And grace the hand.

' And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 ' Charm or instruct the future age,
 ' They bind the wild poetic rage
 ' In energy,
 ' Or point the inconclusive page
 ' Full on the eye.

' Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
 ' Hence *Dempster's* zeal inspired tongue ;
 ' Hence sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 ' His "Minstrel lays ;"
 ' Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 ' The *sceptic's* bays.

' To lower orders are assign'd
 ' The humbler ranks of human kind,
 ' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 ' The Artisan ;
 ' All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
 ' The various man.

' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 ' The threat'ning storm some strongly rein ;
 ' Some teach to meliorate the plain
 ' With tillage-skill ;
 ' And some instruct the shepherd-train
 ' Blythe o'er the hill.

' Some hint the lover's harmless wile ;
 ' Some grace the maiden's artless smile ;
 ' Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
 ' For humble gains,
 ' And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ' His cares and pains.

' Some, bounded to a district-space,
 ' Explore at large man's infant race,
 ' To mark the embryotic trace
 ' *Of rustic Bard* ;
 ' And careful note each op'ning grace,
 ' A guide and guard.

' *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;
 ' And this district as mine I claim,
 ' Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
 ' Held ruling pow'r :
 ' I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
 ' Thy natal hour.

' With future hope, I oft would gaze, .
 ' Fond, on thy little early ways,
 ' Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
 ' In uncouth rhymes,
 ' Fir'd at the simple artless lays
 ' Of other times.

' I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 ' Delighted with the dashing roar ;
 ' Or when the north his fleecy store
 ' Drove thro' the sky,
 ' I saw grim nature's visage hoar,
 ' Struck thy young eye.

' Or when the deep green-mantl'd earth
 ' Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 ' And joy and music pouring forth
 ' In ev'ry grove,
 ' I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 ' With boundless love.

' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 ' Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
 ' I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 ' And lonely stalk,
 ' To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 ' In pensive walk.

' When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
 ' Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 ' Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ' Th' adored *Name*,
 ' I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ' To soothe thy flame.

' I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 ' Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
 ' Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
 ' By passion driven ;
 ' But yet the *light* that led astray
 ' Was *light* from heaven.

' I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 ' The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 ' Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 ' Thy fame extends :
 ' And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
 ' Become thy friends.

' Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 ' To paint with *Thomson's* landscape-glow ;
 ' Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ' With *Shenstone's* art ;
 ' Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
 ' Warm on the heart.

' Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
 ' The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
 ' Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
 ' His army shade,
 ' Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 ' Adown the glade.

' Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ' Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 ' And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
 ' Nor kings' regard,
 ' Can give a bliss o'er-matching thine,
 ' A *rustic Bard*.

' To give my counsels all in one,
 ' Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ' Preserve the *Dignity of Man*,
 ' With soul erect ;
 ' And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 ' Will all protect.

‘ *And wear thou this!* ’—she solemn said,
 And bound the *Holly* round my head :
 The polish’d leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither ;
 The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,
 The *Rigid Wise* anither ;
 The cleanest corn that e’er was dight
 May hae some pyles o’ caff in ;
 So ne’er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o’ daffin.

Solomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye’ve nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebour’s faults and folly !
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply’d wi’ store o’ water,
 The heapet happer’s ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom’s door
 For glaiket Folly’s portals ;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi’ theirs compar’d,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment’s fair regard,
 What maks the mighty differ ;
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,

And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

See social-life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinkin,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinkin :
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D-mnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases ,
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treach'rous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang ;
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope.

HAS auld K***** seen the Deil?
 Or great M***** † thrawn his heel!
 Or R***** ‡ again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
 ' Na, waur than a' !' cries ilka chiel,
 Tam Samson's dead!

K***** lang may grunt an' grane,
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
 An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed;
 To death, she's dearly paid the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic *level*
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead;
 Death's gien the lodge an unco devel:
 Tam Samson's dead!

When winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock;
 When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*?
 Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar
 In time of need;
 But now he lags on death's *hog-score*
 Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last moorfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the moors. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* the Ordination, stanza II.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza IX.

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel ken'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail
Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring pairicks a' ;
Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw ;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread ;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed ;
But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
Tam Samson's dead.

In vain auld age his body batters
In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre braid !
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead !

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide ;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
' L—d, five !' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;
Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !
 F 2

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;
Perhaps, upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' moorfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed ;
Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
O pouter an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be !
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me ;
He had twa faults, or may be three,
Yet what remead ?
Ae social, honest man want we,
Tam Samson's dead !

• • • • •

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots, spare him !
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets and neuks o' *Killie*,*
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin.

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for *Kilmarnock*.

HALLOWEEN.*

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Goldsmith.

UPON that night, when fairies light,
On *Cassillis Downans*† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Cullean* the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There up the *cove*‡, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonnie winding banks,
Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce's ance ru'd the martial ranks,
An' shook the *Carrick* spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassillis.

‡ A noted cavern near Cullean-house, called The Cove of Cullean, which, as Cassillis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 And haud their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine ;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
 Whiles fast that night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks** maun a' be sought ance ;
 They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *bow-kail*,
 An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
 The vera wee things, todlin, rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;
 An' gif the *custoc's* sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* ;†

* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with : Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune ; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

† They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiuttlin in the fause-house*
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet *nits*†
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads and lasses' fates,
 Are there that night decided:
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part !
 Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
 Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie ;
 An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie :
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 A'n her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swear by *jing*,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a *fause-house*.

† Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as

Nell had the fause-house in her min'
 She pits hersel an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for t :
 Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 An' slips out by hersel :
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the *blue-clue** throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d ! but she was quakin !
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me, graunie ?
 ' I'll eat the apple† at the glass,
 ' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'

they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions : Steal out, ail alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn ; wind it in a new clue off the old one ; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread ; demand, *wha haurds ?* i. e. who holds ? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass ; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time ; the face of your conjugal companion *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

' Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !
 ' How daur you try sic sportin,
 ' As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 ' For him to spae your fortune :
 ' Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight* !
 ' Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 ' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 ' An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret
 ' On sic a night.

' Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
 ' I mind't as weel's yestreen,
 ' I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 ' I was na past fyfteen :
 ' The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 ' An' stuff was unco green ;
 ' An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
 ' An' just on *Halloween*
 ' It fell that night.

' Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 ' A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 ' His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 ' That liv'd in Achmacalla :
 ' He gat *hemp-seed*,* I mind it weel,
 ' An' he made unco light o't ;
 ' But monie a day was *by himsel*,
 ' He was sae sairly frightened
 ' That vera night.'

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swore by his conscience,

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, ' Hemp seed I saw thee, hemp seed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ' come 'after me, and shaw thee,' that is show thyself : in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ' come after me, and harrow thee.'

That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck,
 For it was a' but nonsense ;
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin ;
 The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
 An' hurls at his curpin :
 An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 ' Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 ' An' her that is to be my lass,
 ' Come after me, and draw thee,
 ' As fast this night'.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
 To keep his courage cheery ;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeek,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wuntle
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
 To hear the sad narration :
 He swoore 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
 An' wha was it but *Grumphia*
 Asteer that night.

Meg fain wad to the *barn* gaen
 To win three wechts o' naething ;*

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible ; for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wicht* ; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind.

But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the *barn* she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters ;
 A *ratton* rattled up the wa',
 An' she cry'd L—d preserve her !
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a,
 An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanc'd the *stack* he *faddom'd thrice*,*
 Was timmer propt for thrawin :
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin ;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes came haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen ;
 But, Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin !
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed screevin,
 Where *three lairds' lands met at a burn*†
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Repeat it three times ; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bearstack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bick'ring, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazle,
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon :
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
 But miss't a fit, an' in the *pool*
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The *luggies* three* are ranged,
 And every time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary.

shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

* Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty : blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid : if in the foul, a widow : if in the empty dish, it foretels with equal certainty no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

Till *butter'd so'ns*,† wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO

HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hansel in
 the New Year.*

A *GUID New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
 Tho' thou's howe-backit now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, an' glaizie,
 A bonnie gray:
 He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
 Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank,
 As e'er tread yird;
 An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere*;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark;
 Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was stark.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Hal-
 loween Supper*.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
 Wi' pith and pow'r,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
 An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
 An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
 I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
 Aboon the timmer;
 I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
 The steystest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
 Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a':
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw:
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst:
 They drew me thretteen pund's an' twa,
 The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
 An' monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat!
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
 For my last *fow*,
 A heapit *stimpert*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.
 G 2

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE
PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785.

WEE sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O' what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering *pattle* !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal* !

I doubt na' whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't !

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin !
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving *foresight* may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' *mice* an' *men*,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me* !
 The *present* only toucheth thee :
 But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
 I *guess* an' *fear*.



A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pityless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these—

Shakespeare.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
 When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift :

Ae night the storm the steeple's rocked,
 Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee !
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e ?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

- ' Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
- ' And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
- ' Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
- ' Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 - ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 - ' Vengeful malice unrepenting,
- ' Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows !
 - ' See stern oppression's iron grip,
 - ' Or mad ambition's gory hand,
 - ' Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 - ' Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !
 - ' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 - ' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
- ' How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
 - ' The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 - ' With all the servile wretches in the rear,
- ' Looks o'er proud property, extended wide ;
 - ' And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 - ' Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 - ' A creature of another kind,
 - ' Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
- ' Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below !

‘ Where, where is love’s fond, tender throe,
 ‘ With lordly honour’s lofty brow,
 ‘ The pow’rs you proudly own ?
 ‘ Is there, beneath love’s noble name,
 ‘ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 ‘ To bless himself alone !
 ‘ Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 ‘ To love-pretending snares,
 ‘ This boasted honour turns away,
 ‘ Shunning soft pity’s rising sway,
 ‘ Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray’rs !
 ‘ Perhaps, this hour, in mis’ry’s squalid nest,
 ‘ She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ‘ And with a mother’s fears shrinks at the rocking
 ‘ blast !

 ‘ Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
 ‘ Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ‘ Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ‘ Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 ‘ Ill-satisfy’d keen nature’s clam’rous call,
 ‘ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ‘ While thro’ the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ‘ Chill, o’er his slumbers, piles the drift’ heap !
 ‘ Think on the dungeon’s grim confine,
 ‘ Where guilt and poor misfortune pine !
 ‘ Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 ‘ But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ‘ The wretch, already crushed low
 ‘ By cruel fortune’s undeserved blow ?
 ‘ Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress,
 ‘ A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail’d the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress’d my mind—
 Thro’ all his works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles God.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January —

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,

And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin jingle.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chinla lug,

I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug :

I tent less, and want less

Their roomy fire-side ;

But hanker and canker,

To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,

To keep, at times, frae being sour,

To see how things are shar'd ;

How best o' chiels are whiles in want,

While coofs on countless thousands rant,

And ken na how to wair't :

But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,

Tho' we hae little gear,

We're fit to win our daily bread,

As lang's we're hale and fier :

‘ Mair spier na, nor fear na',†

Auld age ne'er mind a feg,-

The last o' t, the warst o' t,

Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,

When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,

Is, doubtless, great distress !

Yet then content could make us blest ;

Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste

Of truest happiness.

* *David Sillar*, one of the club at Tarbolton.

† *Ramsay*.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile,
 And mind still, you'll find still
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'il care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hial' ?
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daises deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year :
 On bracs when we please, then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
 Sync *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in makin muckle *mair* :
 It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The *heart* ay's the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?

Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless, and fearless
 Of either heav'n or hell !
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
 The lover an' the frien' ;
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean* !
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name* :
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

O' all ye pow'rs who rule above !
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love* !
Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,

Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r ;
 Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

O, how that *name* inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit :
 But least then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE
ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
And sweet *Affection* prove the spring of woe !
Home.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarining beam ;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill :
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill :
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
The oft attested pow'rs above :
The *promis'd Father's tender name* ;
These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown !
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone !
And must I think it ! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast ?
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth!
 Alas! life's path may be unsmooth,
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
 Then, who her pangs and pains will sooth,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room!
 Even ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a *wish* to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe:
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or, if I slumber, fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wandering, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes, never, never, to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' :
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O life ! thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear !
 What sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished *end*'s deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same ;
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream :
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part :
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining *age* !

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest
 And pass the heartless day.

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,”*
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest’s howl, it sooths my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join,
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

Thou *Pow’r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Thy* Will !
 Then all I want (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign*.



THE COTTAR’S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor.
Gray.

My lov’d, my honour’d, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;

* Dr. Young.

With honest pride I scorn each selfish end ;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What A**** in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween,
 November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn *Cottar* frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
 At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wife's* smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.
 Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.
 Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view ;
 The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
 ' An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 ' An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
 ' An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 ' An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night !
 ' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his counsel and assisting might :
 ' They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright !'

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While *Jenny* haffins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy ;
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary *mortal round*,
 And sage *experience* bids me this declare—
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthfu' loving, modest pair,
 ' In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?

Is there no pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's* food :
 The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha' bible*, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' *Let us worship GOD !* ' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name :
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *friend of God* on high
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;

How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand :
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
 command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays :
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'*
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !
 The *Pew'r* incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some *cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
 And *certain* in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert :
 But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,
 I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?
 Began the rev'rend sage ;
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ;
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man !

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride ;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return ;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That man was made to mourn.

O man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
 Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, Oh ! ill match'd pair
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
 Are wretched and forlorn ;
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,

Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,—
 By nature's law design'd,
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind ?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn ?
 Or why has man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn ?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast :
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the *last* !
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never sure been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn !

O death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best !
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;
 But, Oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear !
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear !
 If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun ;
 As *something*, loudly, in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done ;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
 With passions wild and strong ;
 And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
 Or *frailty* stept aside,
 Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But *Thou art good* ; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene ?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between :
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms :
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence !'
 Fain promise never more to disobey ;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way ;
 Again in folly's path might go astray :
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man :
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran ?

O Thou, great Governor of all below !
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine !*

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE
NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above !

I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare !
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps away.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n !

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow :
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And, like the rootless stubble, tost
 Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore
 Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being ! what thou art
 Surpasses me to know :
 Yet sure I am, that known to thee
 Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
 All wretched and distrest ;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
 From cruelty or wrath !
 O, free my weary eyes from tears,
 Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design ;
 Then, man my soul with firm resolves
 To bear and not repine !

THE FIRST SIX VERSES
OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.
Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought!'
Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.
They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough, in April 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;

I 2

For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy nēebor sweet,
 The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' spreckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting 'north
 Upon thy early, humble, birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of *prudent lore*,
 Till billows rage, and gales biow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to *suffering* worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'd,
By human pride or cunning driv'n,
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my *dearest tie*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread ;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
Round my devoted head.

And, thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appal'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped,
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L—,
WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.
January 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts,
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true ;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you !

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

May — 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento* ;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restrick'd ;

But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure.
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer ;
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom cronie ;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely teil to onie.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your *honour* grip,
 Let that ay be your border ;
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;

And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature* ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

Adieu, dear amiable youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting :
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser :
And may you better reckon the *rede*,
Than ever did th' adviser !

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me !
Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the *merry* roar,
In social key ;
For now he 's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
 And in their dear *petitions* place him :
 The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
 For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
 That's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy humnle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as onie wunble,
 That's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;
 'Twill mak her poor auld heart I fear,
 In flinders flee ;
 He was her *laureate* monie a year,
 That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld *'nor'-west*
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree ;
 So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
 An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
 Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding* ;
 He dealt it free :
 The muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel :
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 And fou o' glee ;

He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie* !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lilly,
Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy o' a *grace*,
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums ;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scenner,
Looks down wi' sneerin, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner ?

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want ;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it ;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd :
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature :
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of d-mn-tion ;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a brother to his back ;
Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the rake that taks the *door* :
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane ;
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ;
 While o'er the *harp* pale mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I 'maist forgot my *dedication* ;
 But when divinity comes 'cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say :
 For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
 But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir—

' May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 ' May K*****'s far honour'd name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,

' Till H*****'s, at least a dizen,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 ' Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 ' And seven braw fellows, stout an' able,
 ' To serve their king and country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days :
 ' Till his wee curlie *John's* ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent !)
 That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's pow'r is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognize my *master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *friend and brother* !

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !
 Your impudence protects you sairly :
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace ;
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
 How dare ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady !
 Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
 In shoals and nations ;
 Whare *horn* and *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'reis, snug an' tight ;
 Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height,
 O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump and gray as onie grozet :
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red smeddum,
 I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
 Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy ;
 Or aiblins some bit daddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat ;
 But Miss's fine *Lunardi* ! fie,
 How dare ye do't !

O *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abroad !
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin !
 Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
 Are notice takin !

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see *oursels* as *others* see us !
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion :
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And ev'n Devotion !

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! *Scotia's* darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies ;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail ;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale :
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim ;
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn !
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
Fair B— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the *sire of love on high*,
And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock ;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
 Alas ! how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps,
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where *your* fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
 An' paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my muse,
 This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
 I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
 Ye need na doubt ;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At sang about.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had addrest
 To some sweet wife :
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
 Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 ' Or Beattie's wark ?'
 They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
 And sae about him there I spier't,
 Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
 An' either douce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
 He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
 Or die a cadger pownie's death,
 At some dyke-back,
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
 Tho' rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *poet*, in a sense,
 But just a *rhymmer*, like, by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter ?
 Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shoofs,
Or knappin-hammers.

Plain truth to speak ;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek !

At plough or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May reach the heart.

Of bright *Lapraiks*, my friends to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it.

I've no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

They sometimes roose me,
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld *Lapraik*,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours bite,
My akwart muse sair pleads and begs,
 I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezi'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she ' Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
 'This month an' mair,
' That trowth my head is grown right dizzie,
 ' An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
‘ Conscience,’ says I, ‘ ye thowless jad !
‘ I’ll write, an’ that a hearty blaud,
 ‘ This vera night ;
‘ So dinna ye affront your trade,
 ‘ But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king o' hearts,
 ' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
 ' Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 ' In terms sae friendly,
 ' Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 ' An' thank him kindly ?'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
Quoth I, ' Before I sleep a wink,
 'I vow I'll close it !
' An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 ' By Jove I'll prose it !'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
Wi' gleesome touch !
' Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp* :
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A *Baillie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'd sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
' Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
' Thro' Scotland wide;
' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
' In a' their pride!

Were this the *charter* of our state,
 ‘ On pain o’ hell be rich an’ great,’
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
 But, thanks to Heav’n ! that’s no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 ‘ The social, friendly, honest man,
 ‘ Whate’er he be,
 ‘ ’Tis he fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
 ‘ An’ none but *he* !’

O mandate glorious and divine !
 The ragged followers o’ the Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons o’ Mammon’s line
 Are dark as night.

Tho’ here they scrape, an’ squeeze, an’ growl,
 Their worthless nievefu’ of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest’s fright ;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, an’ joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship’s ties
 Each passing year.

TO W. S*****N,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
 Wi’ gratefu’ heart I thank you brawlie ;
 Tho’ I maun say’t, I wad be silly,
 An’ unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coxin billie,
 Your flatt’rin strain.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
 But, *Willie*, set your foot to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae southron billies.

At *Wallace's* name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace's* side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious dy'd.

O, sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chaunt amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature*! a' thy shews an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang!
 O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, ‘ my rhyme-composing brither !
We’ve been owre lang unkenn’d to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

While highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies :
While terra firma, on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *New-Light*,*
'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *grammar, logic*, and sic talents,
'They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you and me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *moon*,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewin',
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

* See note, p. 37.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chieels gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
 For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
 The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd :
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' bruñt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stow,
 Till now anaist on ev'ry knowe
 Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
 An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin ;
 Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin ;
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girnin spite,
 To hear the *moon* sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns !
 Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
 To tak a flight,
 An' stay a month amang the *moons*
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
 An' when the *auld moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we Bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin !
 There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
 Your *dreams** an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou ;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black* !
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
It's just the *blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naething

To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair ;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang,* ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danc'd my fill !
I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *paitrick* to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
I strakit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
But, deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the *poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorn'd to lie,
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,

* A song he had promised the Author.

An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear !
 The *game* shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
 L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea :
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce thro' the feathers ;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers !

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,
 When time's expedient :
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN,*

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high,
 An' they hae sworn a solemn oath,
 John Barleycorn should die.
 They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.
 But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And show'rs began to fall ;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surpris'd them all.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong,
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age;
 And then his enemies began
 To shew their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee;
 Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgell'd him full sore;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim,
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe,
 And still, as signs of life appear'd
 They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones;
 But a miller us'd him worst of all,
 For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise,
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
 'Twill heighten all his joy :
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand ;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A FRAGMENT.

Tune. '*Gillicrankie*.'

WHEN *Guilford* good our pilot stood,
 And did our helm thrav, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within *America*, man :
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.
 Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
 And *Carleton* did ca', man :
 But yet, what-reck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor *Tammy Gage*, within a cage,
 Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man ;
 Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man :
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid christian blood to draw, man :
 But at *New York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga shaw*, man.

Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Clinton's* glaive frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then *Montague*, an' *Guilford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And *Sackville* dour, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thraw, man :
 For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game ;
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man ;
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *North* an' *Fox* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's* boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While sleet *Dundas* arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man ?'

But, word an' blow, *North, Fox, and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
 Till *Suthron* raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man ;

An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
 To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

SONG.

Tune, ' *Corn rigs are bonnie.*'

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early ;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley :
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely :
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
 I hae been happy thinkin :

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

*Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

 SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, '*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*'

Now westling winds, and slaught'ring guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
 Amang the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring hern the fountains :
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature ;
 The rustlingⁿ corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

SONG.

Tune, '*My Nannie, O.*'

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
 ' Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shill ;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O :
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Were spent amang the lasses, O !*

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O ;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

* * * *

SONG.

Tune, '*Jockey's Grey Breaks.*'

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.*

*And maun I still on Menie† doat.
 And bear the scorn thât's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the villets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me !

CHORUS.]

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e ?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be.*

SONG.

Tune, ' *Roslin Castle.*'

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ; Farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

SONG.

Tune, ' *Gilderoy*.'

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee ;
 Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

THE

FAREWELL

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune, ' *Good night, and joy be wi' you a' !*

ADIEU ! a heart-warm fond adieu !

Dear brothers of the *mystic tie* !Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* few,

Companions of my social joy !

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,

And spent the cheerful, festive night :

Oft, honour'd with supreme command,

Presided o'er the *sons of light* :And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw !

Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write

Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,

Unite you in the *grand design*,

Beneath th' omniscient eye above,

The glorious *Architect* divine !That you may keep th' *unerring line*,Still rising by the *plummet's law*,Till *order* bright completely shine,

Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And *you* farewell ! whose merits claim,Justly, that *highest badge* to wear !

Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,

To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !

A last request permit me here,

When yearly ye assemble a',

One round, I ask it with a tear,

To him, the *Bard* that's far awa'.

SONG.

Tune, '*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the Tavern let's fly.*'

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse ;
But see you the *crown* how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

' Life's cares they are comforts,'*—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
gown ;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care ! •

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her siren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;
 Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait :
 Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
 There ruminate with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
 And teach the sportive youngers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not, Art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?

Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shall ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
 Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

*A Gentleman who held the Patent for his honours
 immediately from Almighty God!*

But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright;
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, Heav'nly Light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane, he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exil'd.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ;
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year !
 Ilk cowslip cup shall keep a tear :
 Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
 For him that's dead !

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy sallow mantle tear !
 Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !
 Mourn, empress of the silent night !
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn !
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O *Henderson* ! the man ! the brother !
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever !
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's-dreary bound !
 Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around !

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger ! my story's brief :

And truth I shall relate, man ;

I tell nae common tale o' grief,

For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,

Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man ;

A look of pity hither cast,

For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,

That passest by this grave, man,

There moulders here a gallant heart ;

For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,

Canst throw uncommon light, man ;

Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,

For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'

Wad life itself resign, man ;

Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',

For Matthew was a kind man !

If thou art staunch without a stain,

Like the unchanging blue, man ;

This was a kinsman o' thy ain,

For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,

And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;

This was thy billie, dam, and sire,

For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,

To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;

May dool and sorrow be his lot,

For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green

On every blooming tree,

And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea :
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies ;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing ;
 The merle, in its noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;
 The mavis mild wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest :
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae ;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae ;
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I hae been ;
 Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
 As blythe lay down at e'en :
 And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there ;
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
 That thro' thy soul shall gae :
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee ;
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine ;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine !

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee :
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me !

O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
 Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave ;
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
 And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ;*
 Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,†
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.‡

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beatling rocks,
 The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
 The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
 And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
 In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
 And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
 The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood-house.

† St. Anthony's Well.

‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

† N

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
 Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
 That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.—

- “ My patriot son fills an untimely grave !”
 With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
 “ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
 “ Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride.
 “ A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
 “ The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
 “ The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
 “ And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh.—
 “ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
 “ I saw fair freedom's blossom richly blow :
 “ But ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
 “ Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.—
 “ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
 “ While empty greatness saves a worthless name !
 “ No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
 “ And future ages hear his growing fame.
 “ And I will join a mother's tender cares,
 “ Thro' future times to make his virtues last ;
 “ That distant years may boast of other Blairs”—
 She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.—

TO

ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.

OF FINTRA.

LATE cripp'l'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg ;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest :)
 Will generous *Graham* list to his Poet's wail ?
 (It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade ?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign ;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.

The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground :
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
 Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
 Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure ;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog, in their robes, are snug.
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard !
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on thro' life.
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage !

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder ' some folks ' do not starve.
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that ' fools are fortune's care.'
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 O ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare !
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown ;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path ;
 Give energy to life ; and sooth his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
 Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
 His locks were bleached white wi' time !
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears !
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To echo bore the notes alang.

“ Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 “ The reliques of the vernal quire !
 “ Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 “ The honours of the aged year !
 “ A few short months, and glad and gay,
 “ Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
 “ But nocht in all revolving time
 “ Can gladness bring again to me.
 “ I am a bending aged tree,
 “ That long has stood the wind and rain ;
 “ But now has come a cruel blast,
 “ And my last hald of earth is gane :
 “ Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 “ Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
 “ But I maun lie before the storm,
 “ And ithers plant them in my room.

I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
 “ On earth I am a stranger grown ;
 “ I wander in the ways of men,
 “ Alike unknowing and unknown :.

- " Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 " I bear alane my lade o' care,
 " For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 " Lie a' that would my sorrows share.
- " And last (the sun of a' my griefs!)
 " My noble master lies in clay;
 " The flow'r amang our barons bold,
 " His country's pride, his country's stay:
 " In weary being now I pine,
 " For a' the life of life is dead,
 " And hope has left my aged ken,
 " On forward wing for ever fled.
- " Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 " The voice of woe and wild despair!
 " Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 " Then sleep in silence evermair!
 " And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 " That fillest an untimely tomb,
 " Accept this tribute from the bard
 " Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
- " In poverty's low barren vale,
 " Thick mist, obscure, involv'd me round;
 " Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 " Nae ray of fame was to be found:
 " Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 " That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 " The friendless bard and rustic song,
 " Became alike thy fostering care.
- " O! why has worth so short a date?
 " While villains ripen grey with time!
 " Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 " Fall in bold manhood's-hardy prime!
 " Why did I live to see that day?
 " A day to me so full of woe!
 " O! had I met the mortal shaft
 " Which laid my benefactor low!
- " The bridegroom may forget the bride
 " Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 " The monarch may forget the crown
 " That on his head an hour has been;

“ The mother may forget the child
 “ That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 “ But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
 “ And a’ that thou hast done for me !”

TAM O’ SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogilie full is this Buke.

Gawin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An’ folk begin to tak the gate ;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An’ gettin fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scotch miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o’ Shanter*,
 As he frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne’er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O *Tam* ! had’st thou but been sae wise,
 As ta’en thy ain wife *Kate’s* advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;
 That ilka melder, wi’ the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 That ev’ry naig was ca’d a shoe on,
 The Smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
 That at the L—d’s house, ev’n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi’ Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy’d, that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown’d in *Doon* ;
 Or catch’d wi’ warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway’s* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
 And ay the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy ;
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r—its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he tak's the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
 A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scotch sonnet ;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drucken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.
 Before him *Doon* pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na' deils a boddle,
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels :
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns !
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cutt'd frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair, o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu' !

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had they been queans.
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies !
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night inlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore !
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
 Wi' twa pund Scotch ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
 To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang)
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"
 And in an instant all was dark ;
 And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied.
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When, " Catch the thief !" resounds aloud ;
 So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam* ! ah, *Tam* ! thou'll get thy fairin !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
 And win the key-stane* of the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor *Muggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed :
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember *Tam o' Shanter's* mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
 May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !
 Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains :
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains,
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheering dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless
 fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

*On crowning his Bust at Ednam, Roxburghshire,
 with Bays.*

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer with a matron grace
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

E P I T A P H S, &c.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter **** in death does sleep ;
 To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
 O death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch,
 Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet *wee* Johnnie.
 WHO'E'ER thou art, O reader, know,
 That death has murder'd Johnnie !
 An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
 For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR R. A. Esq.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd :
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be *sav'd* or *damn'd* !

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O Ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend !

Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.
 The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
 " For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ?"*

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near ;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by !
 But with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave ;
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame,
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit ;
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
 Is wisdom's root.

• Goldsmith.

CAPT. GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
THROUGH SCOTLAND,*Collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom.*

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it :
 A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodge wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bight,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow ! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,*
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's ! colleaguin
 At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
 And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches ;
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight h—es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick nackets :
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,†

* Vide his *Antiquities of Scotland*.† Vide his *Treaties on Ancient Armour and Weapons*.

Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid ;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
 Auld Tubal-cain's fire-shool and fender ;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass ;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philibeg ;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him ;
 And *port, O port !* shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose !
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose !—
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee ;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee !

TO

MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book presented to her
 by the Author.*

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay.
 Blooming on thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
 Chilly shrink in sleety show'r !
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,

Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights !
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf !
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew !
 May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem ;
 Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings ;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,
THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.
*Brother to a Young Lady, a particular Friend of the
 Author's.*

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms :
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow ;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smil'd ;
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
 That nature finest strung :
 So Isabella's heart was form'd,
 And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
 Can heal the wound he gave ;
 Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
 And fear no withering blast ;
 There Isabella's spotless worth
 Shall happy be at last.

THE

HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER *

TO THE

NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY LORD, I know, your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble Slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowrin trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ;
 but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes ;
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire ;
 The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir :
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow ;
 The robin pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow ;

This too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty idle care :
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heav'n to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms,
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain, grey ;

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-pending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
The social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—" Athole's honest men,
" And Athole's bonnie lasses !"

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why,
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or beneath the shelt'ring rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.

Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below :
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,
 In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels.
 But man, to whom alone is giv'n
 A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways ;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.



WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS NEAR LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheets decends,
 And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, low'rs.
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

ON THE

BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF
 FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !

November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form ;
 And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn :
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land !

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton: Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
“This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland get o’er,
“And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne’er see me more!”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

* See Ossian’s Carric-thura.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd ;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw ;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
An trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

“ By the gods of the ancients !” Glenriddel replies,
“ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
“ I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
“ And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.”

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
 Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
 No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;
 A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine !
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
 But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ?
 Though fate said—a hero should perish in light ;
 So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink :—
 “ Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink !
 “ But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
 “ Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

“ Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
 “ Bruce,

“ Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :

“ So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;

“ The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !”

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

AULD NIBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,

For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter,

Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,

Ye speak sae fair ;

For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter,

Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;

Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,

* This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit ;
 I'm tauld the muse ye hae negleckit ;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke ;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin the words tae gar them clink ;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons ;
 An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the Bardie clan ;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin' :
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie !
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie :
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
 Frae door tae door.

SONG.

Tune—" *Bonnie Dundee* .

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young Belles,
 The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',
 Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
 In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :

Miss Miller is fine, *Miss Markland's* divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and *Miss Betty* is braw ;
 There's beauty and fortune to get wi' *Miss Morton*,
 But *Armour's** the jewel for me o' them a'.

WRITTEN

*On the Blank Leaf of a Copy of the Poems, presented to
 an Old Sweetheart, then Married.*

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
 Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.—

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
 Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
 Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird †,
 Bedim could Boreas' blast ;
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest ;

* This is one of our Bard's early productions. Miss Armour is now Mrs. Burns.

† The old Scotch name for the Bat.

Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Poozie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
 She blinket on her sodger :
 An' ay he gies the tozie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aumos dish.
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whip,
 Then staggering and swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—"Soldiers' Joy."

I AM a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
 I served out my trade when the galian game was play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudie, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
shocks,

Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar ;
While frightened rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore ;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore !
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—" *Soldier Laddie.*"

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men ;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;
He ventur'd the *soul*, and I risked the *body*,
~Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got ;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Song, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at a Cuningham fair;
 His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
 My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup or a song;
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
 For monie a pursie she had hooked,
 And had in mony a well been ducked.
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 'To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune—"O an ye were dead guidman."

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
 The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
 An' gude claymore down by his side,
 The ladies hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
 For a Lalland face he feared none,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn,
 The pleasures that will ne'er return;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappan limb and gauzy middle
 He reach'd nae higher,
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on launch, an' upward e'e,
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then in an Arioso key,
 The wee Apollo
 Set off wi' *Allegretto* glee
 His giga solo.

AIR.

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 And go' wi' me and be my dear,
 And then your every care and fear
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

*I am a fiddler to my trade,
 And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.*

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
 And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about till Daddie Care
 Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 And sun oursells about the dyke,
 And at our leisure, when ye like,
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, and a sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
 As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a roosty rapier—
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he wad from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.
 But tho' his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinker prest her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the Caird address'd her;

AIR.

Tune—"Clout the caudron."

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinker is my station;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation:
 I've taen the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron;

But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin,
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron.
 And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
 An' *by* that dear Keilbagie *,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie
 An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd—the unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That show'd a man of spunk,
 Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
 Behind the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's† craft,
 Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 And shor'd them Dainty Davie
 O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

* A peculiar sort of whisky so called; a great favourite with Posie-Nansie's clubs.

† Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

AIR.

Tune—" *For a' that, an' a' that.*"

I AM a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that ;
 But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

*For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.*

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My *Helicon* I ca' that.
 For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thrav that.
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that ;
 But for hōw lang the *flee may stang*,
 Let *inclination* law that.
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that :
 But clear your decks, and here's the *sex* !
 I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't for a' that,*

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth ;

They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best ;
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa *Deborahs*,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—" *Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses.*"

SEE! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring !
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

*A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.*

What is title ? what is treasure ?

What is reputation's care ?

If we lead a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter *how* or *where* !

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,

Round we wander all the day ;

And at night, in barn or stable,

Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended *carriage*

Through the country lighter rove ?

Does the sober bed of marriage

Witness brighter scenes of love ?

A fig, &c.

Life is all a *variorum*,

We regard not how it goes ;

Let them cant about *decorum*

Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !

Here's to all the wandering train !

Here's our ragged brats and callets !

One and all cry out, Amen !

A fig for those by law protected !

Liberty's a glorious feast !

Courts for cowards were erected,

Churches built to please the priest.

THE KIRK'S ALARM* :

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience ;
There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr Mac †, Dr Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror ;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob ‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild §, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's
like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John ||, Rumble John, mount the steps wi'
a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
And roar every note of the damn'd.

* This poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. Mc'Gill's Essay.

† Dr. M'——ll.

‡ R——t A——n.

§ Dr. D———e.

|| Mr. R——ll.

Q †

Simper James *, Simper James, leave the fair Killie
dames,

There's a holier chace in your view ;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Signet Sawney †, Signet Sawney, are ye herding the
penny,

Unconscious what evils await ;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld ‡, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk ;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye ll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster §, Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do
muster,

The corps is no nice of recruits ;
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose ||, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom
roose,

In hunting the wicked lieutenant ;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie ¶, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit ;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh—t.

Andro Gouk ††, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur let me tell ye ;
Ye are rich. and look big, but lay bye hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steennie ††, Barr Steennie, what mean ye ! what
mean ye !

If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence, to haivins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

* Mr. M——y. † Mr. M——y. ‡ Mr. A——d.

§ Mr. G——, O——c. || Mr. Y——g, C——k.

¶ Mr. P——s, N——n. †† Dr. A. M——ll.

‡‡ Mr. S——n Y——, B——r.

Irvine side *, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share :
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock †, Muirland Jock, when the L—d
makes a rock.

To crush common sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will †, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ;
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need ;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire ;
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS §.

O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Well fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes?

O, M——y, man, and wordy R——ll.
How could you raise so vile a bustle?
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I ha'e nin'

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
O' sic a feast!

'The thummart, wil'-cat, brock and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like R——ll tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin,
Could shake them o'er the burning dub;
Or heave them in.

Sic'twa—O ! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
 Ilkither gi'en,
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
 Say neither's liein' !

And sometimes too, wi' worldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

O L—d ! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
O ! may't ne'er be a livin plague
 To my dishonour,
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g
 Again upon her.

Besides, I farther m^aun allow,
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow :
But L—d, that Friday I was fou,
 When I came near her,
Or else, thou kens, thy *servant true*
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshty thorn*,
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
'Cause he's sae *gifted*;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be born,
Until thou lift it.

L—d bless thy chosen in this place,
For *here* thou hast a *chosen race* :
But G—d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
And public shame.

L—d mind G——n H——n's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and plays at carts,
Yet has sae mony takin arts,
Wi' grit and sma',
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts,
He steals awa.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

L—d hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr;

Thy strong right hand, L—d mak it bare
 Upo' their heads,
 L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A—n,
 My very heart and saul are quakin,
 To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
 And p—d wi' dread,
 While he wi' hingin lips and snakin,
 Held up his head.

L—d in the day of vengeance try him,
 L—d visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em
 Nor hear their pray'r ;
 But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, L—d remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane,
 And a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, Amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's fair worn clay
 Taks up his last abode ;
 His saul has taen some other way,
 I fear the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is, as sure's a gun,
 Poor silly body, see him ;
 Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
 Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye,
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
 Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye hae nane ;
 Justice alas ! has gi'en him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit ;
 A coof like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it.

THE INVENTORY,

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR
 OF THE TAXES.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithfu' list,
 O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
 To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
 I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
 As ever drew afore a pettle.
 My *Lan' afore's* * a gude auld *has been*,
 An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
 My *Lan' ahin's* † a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has borne me hame frae Killie ‡,
 An' your auld burro' mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance, whan in my wooing pride,
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins an' that too !)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My *Fur ahin's* § a wordy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.—
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie !
 Forbye a *Cowt* o' *Cowt's* the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail.
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least—
 Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new ;

* The fore-horse on the left-hand in the plough.

† The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough.

‡ Kilnarnock.

§ The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough.

Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken ;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le.—
 For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run de'ls for rantin' an' for noise ;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other.
 Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
 I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labour them completely ;
 An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
 I on the questions *targe* them tightly ;
 Till, faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.—
 I've nane in female servan' station,
 (L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation !)
 I ha'e nae wife—and that my bliss is,
 An' ye have laid nae tax on misses ;
 An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils dare nae touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted.
 My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace ;
 But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the L—d ! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now remember, Mr. A—k—n,
 Nae kind of licence out I'm takin' ;
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers Gude be thankit.—
The Kirk an' you may tak you that
It puts but little in your pat :
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it,
 Day an' date as under notit,
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

Mossiel, February 22, 1786.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
 Who has no will but by her high permission ;
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
 Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

ADDRESS TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU's welcome wean, mishanter fa' me,
 If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
 Shall ever daunt me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss an' daunt thee,
 As dear an' near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as gude will
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' h--ll.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
 An' tease my name in kinty clatter ;
 The mair they tauk I'm kent the better,
 E'en let them clash ;
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warl' asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't,—
 The better ha'f o't.

An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee,
 An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee,
 A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd;
 Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
 An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failins,
 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
 Than stocket mailins.

EPIGRAM.

[BURNS, accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary at a time when some company were there on a visit to his Grace the DUKE of ARGYLL, finding himself and his companion entirely neglected by the Inn-keeper, whose whole attention seemed to be occupied with the visitors of his Grace, expressed his disapprobation of the incivility with which they were treated in the following lines.]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he come to wait upon
 The Lord their God, his Grace.
 There's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland scab and hunger;
 If Providence has sent me here,
 'Twas surely in an anger.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die—for that they're born!
 But, oh! prodigious to reflect,
 A *Townmont*, Sirs, is gane to wreck!

O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space
 What dire events ha'e taken place !
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us !
 In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead ;
 The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pit an' Fox,
 An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks ;
 The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the *hen-birds*, unco civil ;
 The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden !

Ye ministers come mount the pupit,
 An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit ;
 For *Eighty-eight* he wish'd you weel,
 An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal ;
 E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck !

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
 For some o' you ha'e tint a frien' ;
 In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was ta'en
 What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowff an' dowie now they creep ;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-nine*, thou's but a bairn,
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
 Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, hap-shackl'd *Regent*,
 But, like himsel' a full free agent.
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man !
 As muckle better as you can.

}

January 1, 1789.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

WE cam nae here to view your warks
 In hopes to be mair wise,
 But only, lest we gang to hell,
 It may be nae surprise :
 But whan we tirl'd at your door,
 Your porter dought na hear us ;
 Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
 Your billy Satan sair us !

LINES.

At a meeting of the Dumfries-shire Volunteers, held to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's Victory, April 12th, 1782. Burns was called upon for a Song, instead of which he delivered the following Lines :—

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we
 lost ;—
 That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found,
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
 The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
 Who'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing ;
 And here's the grand fabric. our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution ;
 And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd ;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

LINES

ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I Rhymer Rob, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,

A ne'er to be forgotten day,
 Sae far I sprachled * up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken *writers'* † feasts,
 Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
 When mighty Squire-ships of the quorum,
 Their hydra drouth did sloken

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
 Up higher yet my bonnet ;
 And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a'
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
 To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr ‡,
 And how he star'd and stammer'd,
 Whan goavan§, as if led wi' branks, ||
 An' stumpan on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

* * * * *

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen ;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming ;
 The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.
 Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
 One rank as well's another ;

* Clambered. † Attorneys. ‡ Frightened stare.
 § Walking stupidly. || A kind of bridle.

Nae *honest worthy* man need care,
 To meet with noble youthful DAER,
 For he but meets a brother.

ON MY EARLY DAYS.

I MIND it weel in early date,
 When I was beardless, young and blate,
 An' first could thresh the barn ;
 Or haud a yokin o' the pleugh ;
 An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
 Yet unco proud to learn:
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing
 The tither stooked raw,
 Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
 Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast,
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu' plan or book could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear :
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise,
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 'Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain :

I see her yet, the sonsie queen,
 That lighted up her jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky e'en
 That gart my heart-strings tingle :
 I fired, inspired,
 At every, kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared ay to speak

* * * * *

THE FAREWELL.

The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
 To those whose bless, whose beings hang upon him,
 To helpless children! then, O then! he feels
 The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
 Such, such am I! undone!

Thomson's Edward and Eleanora.

FAREWELL old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's heart-rending throe!
 Farewell my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care;
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share,
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith*, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 O then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee my Jeany must I part!
 Thou weeping answ'rest *no*!
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace,
 I for thy sake must go!

* James Smith, Merchant, Mauchline.

Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu !
 I, with a much indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you !
 All-hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore !
 It rustles, and whistles
 I'll never see thee more !

SONGS.

THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
 Return sae dowf and weary O ;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer my jo ;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never loe'd a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 The warld's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.



BONNIE LESLEY.

Tune—"Collier's bonnie Lassie."

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.
 To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.
 The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee ;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag, we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

TO MARY.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine ;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies,
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true,
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow.

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily white hand ;
 O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join,
 And curst be the cause that shall part us !
 The hour, and the moment o' time !

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune,—“ *Katharine Ogie.*”

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !

There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there they langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But Oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance,
 That dwalt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that loe'd me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love !
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace ;
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !
 Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene,
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?



MY MARY'S NO MORE.

O'ER the mist shrouded cliffs of the low mountain
 straying,
 Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
 What woes wring my heart, while intently surveying
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave !
 Ye foam-crested billows allow me to wail,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore,
 Where the flow'r which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's
 green vale,
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more !
 No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave !

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast—
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore ;
 Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more !

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade th' pearls hang,
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along :
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her hair like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
 But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shade
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain ;
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And ev'ry day have joys divine,
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' gude fellows and wale of auld men ;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay,
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard ;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;
 I wander my lane like a night troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hac hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe yule night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skiegh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And O, her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

SONG.

Tune—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;

† S

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twere na' for my Jeanie.
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 It's pride and a' the lave o't :
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate !
 He wooes his simple dearie ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never mak them eerie ;
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

GALLA WATER.

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane. a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I loe him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae na meikle tocher ;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure !

LORD GREGORY.

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar ;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
 An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonnie Irwine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied.
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou wad for ay be mine !
 And my fond heart, itself sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine !

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast :
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest !
 Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see !
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to heaven and me !

MARY MORISON.

Tune, ' *Bide ye yet.*'

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor :

How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morrison.



WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud away hame;
 Come to my bosom my ain only dearie;
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild stornis, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Waken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

WITH ALTERATIONS.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh !
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh !
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh !
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
 My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh !

JESSIE.

Tune, ' *Bonnie Dundee.*'

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair ;
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law :
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'

SONG.

Air—" *The Mill, Mill O.*"

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widew mourning,
 I left the lines and tented fields,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy art I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom:
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever;
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gailant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't!

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily ;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man ; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true hearted ;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailin plenish'd fairly ;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger's prize.
 The sodger's wealth is honour ;
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger ;
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.



MEG O' THE MILL.

Air, ' O bonnie lass, will you lie in a Barrack ?

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin. the Miller was ruddy ;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady :
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleer-e'ed knurl ;
 She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving :
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chain'd bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen !
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !

SONG.

Tune—" *The last time I came o'er the Moor.*"

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
 Around Maria's dwelling !
 Ah cruel mem'ry ! spare the throes
 Within my bosom swelling ;
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And still in secret languish ;
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my crime would cover :
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hopeless lover.
 I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me ;
 But oh, Maria, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy tongue I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 'Till fears no more had sav'd me.
 The unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing ;
 'Mid circling horrors yields at last
 To overwhelming ruin.

SONG.

Tune,—"*Liggeram Cosh.*"

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me :

Now nae longer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring :
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the thraws,
 In my bosom swelling ;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

SONG.

Tune, ' *Logan Water.*'

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;
 And years sinsyne have o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
 Has made our hills and valleys gay :
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers :
 Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie, hame to Logan braes !



BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sang sae merrilie :
 The blithest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 And danc'd wi' Jeanie on the doun ;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy bliak in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 O canst thou think to fancy me !
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee ;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
 She had nae will to say him na ;
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was ay between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—" *Robin Adair.*"

WHILE larks with little wing,
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare :
 Gay the sun's golden eye,
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
 Such thy morn ! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
 Glad, I did share ;
 While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there :
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
 Such thy bloom, did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare :
 So kind may fortune be,
 Such make his destiny !
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

SONG.

To the same tune,

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar ;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my last repose,
 'Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air !
 To thy new lover lie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try,
 What peace is there.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Allan Water.*

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi ;
 The winds were whisp'ring thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony ;
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !
 O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !

Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery thro' her short'ning day,
 Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow ?
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure !

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let nae body see,
 And come as ye were na comin to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flee :
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—‘ *The muckin o’ Geordie’s byre,*’

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

*Awa’ wi’ your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi’ her can compare :
 Whaeveer has met wi’ my Phillis,
 Has met wi’ the queen o’ the fair.*

The daisy amus’d my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o’ my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity’s child.
Awa, &c.

The rose-bud’s the blush o’ my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when ’tis prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne’er wi’ my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath o’ the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o’ diamond, her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes thro’ the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer’s day !
 While worth in the mind o’ my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
Awa, &c.

SONG.

Air,—‘*Cauld Kail.*’

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne’er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world’s wealth and grandeur :
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,
 That equal transports move her ?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi’ all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure ;
 I’ll seek nae mair o’ heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment’s pleasure :
 And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I’m thine for ever !
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.

 DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi’ flowers,
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers ;
 And now comes in my happy hours,
 To wander wi’ my Davie.

CHORUS.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I’ll spend the day wi’ you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.*

The crystal waters round us fa’,
 The merry birds are lovers a’,
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A wand’ring wi’ my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro’ the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu’ Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.*

 SONG.

Tune,—‘Oran-gaoil.’

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;
 Thou go'st, thou darling of my heart !
 Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.
 I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 “ E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 “ There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.”

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me !

 SONG.

Tune—‘Fee him Father.’

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me ever.
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death, Only should us sever.
 Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I maun see thee never,
 Jamie.
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, Thou hast me forsaken,
 Thou canst love anither jo, While my heart is breaking:
 Soon my weary een I'll close—Never mair to waken,
 Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou't the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
 Frae mornin sun till dine :
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine :
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

FAIR JENNY.

Tune,—*'Saw ye my Father,'*

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song,
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known:
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

SONG.

Tune,—*'The Quaker's wife.'*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish:
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure:
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
 Night without a morning:
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Jo Janet.'*

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.

“ One of two must still obey,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Is it man or woman, say,
 “ My spouse, Nancy ?”

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so, good b'ye allegiance !

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 “ My spouse, Nancy,”

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it :
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it.

“ I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Strength to bear it will be given,
 “ My spouse, Nancy.”

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

“ I'd wed another, like my dear
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Then all hell will fly for fear,
 “ My spouse, Nancy.”

SONG.

Tune,—‘ *The Sutor's Tochter.*’

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wilt nae be my ain,
 Say na thoul't refuse me,
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou, for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village-bell has told the hour,
 O what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whisp'ring call ;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale :
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come ! and art thou true !
 O welcome dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

With a present of Thomson's Songs.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
 Accept the gift ; tho' humble he who gives,
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among ;
 But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest want the tale of woe reveals ;
 While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune,—‘ *O'er the Hills,*’ &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe ?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

*On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are ay with him that's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun ;
 Bullets, spare my only joy !
 Bullets, spare my darling boy !
 Fate do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away !

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power ;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 List'ning to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 Ali I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.'*

CHORUS.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather growes,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie.*

HARK, the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;
 Then a faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent tow'rs,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart ;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune,—*' Onagh's Water-fall.'*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow :
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair :
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon ;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The am'rous thrush concludes her sang :

There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

SAW YE MY PHELY?

(*Quasi dicat Phillis.*)

Tune,—*'When she cam ben she bobbit.'*

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Could Kail in Aberdeen.'*

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie?

For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours ;
 The joyless day how dreary !
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Duncan Gray.'*

LET not woman e'er complain,
 Of inconstancy in love ;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove ;
 Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 Ladies, would it not be strange,
 Man should then a monster prove ?
 Mark the winds, and mark the skies :
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.
 Why then ask of silly man,
 To oppose great Nature's plan ?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know,

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune,—*'Deil tak the Wars.'*

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ;
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numb'ring ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods ;
 Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray ;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladd'ning and adorning ;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky ;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart ;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

SONG.

Tune.—' *My Lodging is on the cold ground.*'

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair :
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings :
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha' :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo :
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine :
 The courtiers' gems may witness love—
 But 'tis na love like mine.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune,—‘*Rothiemurche’s Rant.*’

CHORUS.

*Lassie wi’ the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi’ me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?*

Now nature cleeds the flow’ry lea,
And a’ is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi’ me
And say thou’lt be my dearie O?
Lassie wi’, &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer’d ilk drooping little flower,
We’ll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi’, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi’ silver ray,
The weary shearer’s hameward way;
Thro’ yellow waving fields we’ll stray,
And talk o’ love, my dearie O.
Lassie wi’, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie’s midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu’ breast,
I’ll comfort thee, my dearie O.

*Lassie wi’ the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi’ me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?*

SONG.

Tune,—‘*The Sow’s Tail.*’

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day
When roving through the gather’d hay,
My youthfu’ heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
 Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
 So in my tender bosom grows
 The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and biuer sky,
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
 Tho' wafting o'er the flow'ry spring,
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
 As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
 Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,
 Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
 Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
 When evening shades in silence meet,
 Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
 As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
 And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie !
 I care nae wealth a single flee ;
 The lad I love's the lad for me,
 And that's my ain dear Willy.

SONG.

Tune,—*' Lumps o' Pudding.'*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught ;
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
 Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure, or pain,
 My warst word is—*' Welcome, and welcome again !'*

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY ?

Tune,—*' Roy's wife.'*

CHORUS.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy ?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy !
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c.

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Tune,—‘ There ’ll never be peace,’ &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And sooth me wi' tidings o' nature's decay :
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa,

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ;
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Craigie-burn-wood.'*

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blithe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow,

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing :
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If you refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

SONG.

Tune,—*Let me in this ae night.*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet ?
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit ?
 For love has bound me, hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na' me wi' cauld disdain !
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting, woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.



ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

Tune,—*'Where'll bonnie Annie lie.'* Or,—*'Loch-Eroch Side.'*

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
 Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune,—*'Ay wakin O.'*

CHORUS.

*Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight,
 Is on her bed of sorrow.*

Can I cease to care?
 Can I cease to languish,
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled.
 Every fear is terror;
 Slumber even I dread,
 Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
 Oh, in pity hear me!
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Humours of Glen.'*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,
 And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave :
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
 palace,

What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and slave !
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

SONG.

Tune,—*' Laddie lie near me.'*

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin ;
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
 'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would faiter.

SONG.

Tune,—*' John Anderson my jo.'*

How cruel are the parents,
 Who riches only prize ;
 And to the wealthy booby,
 Poor woman sacrifice.
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife ;
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries ;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

SONG.

Tune,—‘ *This is no my ain House.*’

CHORUS.

*O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho’ the lassie be :
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e’e.*

I SEE a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi’ the fairest place :
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that’s in her e’e.
O this is no, &c.

She’s bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that’s in her e’e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a’ unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers’ een
 When kind love is in the e’e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks :
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that’s in her e’e.
This is no, &c.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM

SCOTTISH SONG.

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;
 The furrow'd waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers ;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art :
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I ;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye ;
 As little reck I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
 The wretch whase doom is, " hope nae mair,"
 What tongue his woes can tell !
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

SCOTTISH SONG.

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

You rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green ;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.



*Written on the blank leaf of the last Edition of his
 Poems, presented to Chloris.*

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
 To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'er cast,
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower).

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind ;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part :
 And, dearest gift of heaven below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
 With ev'ry muse to rove :
 And doubly were the poet blest
 These joys could he improve.

ENGLISH SONG.

Tune,—*' Let me in this ae night.'*

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I must repine, love.

CHORUS.

*O wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me ;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet !
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Tune,—‘*The Lothian Lassie.*’

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
 The deil take his taste to gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
 bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Least neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shrachl't feet,
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

FRAGMENT.

Tune,—‘ *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*’

WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy ?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie ?
 O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme ;
 Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream ?

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune,—‘ *Balinamona ora.*’

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms,
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

*Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey, for a lass
 wi' a tocher,
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ; the nice yellow
 guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest :
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Here's a health to them that's awa, hince.'*

CHORUS.

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock't in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—*'Rothiemurche.'*

CHORUS.

*Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do?*

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
"Nor use a faithful lover so?"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear;
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy ?*

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME.

Tune,—*'An Gille dubh cinn dhubh.'*

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
Well you know how much you grieve me ;
Cruel charmer, can you go ?
Cruel charmer, can you go ?

By my love so ill requited ;
 By the faith you fondly plighted ;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
 Do not, do not leave me so !
 Do not, do not leave me so !

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling !
 Howling tempests o'er me rave !
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave !
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.
 In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens deny'd success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend !

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune,—‘ *Morag.*’

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover ;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden :
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon !
 The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,

Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle Gordon.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune,—*' M' Grigor of Rero's Lament.'*

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring.
 " Farewell, hours that late did measure
 " Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 " Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 " Cheerless night that knows no morrow.
 " O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 " On the hopeless future pondering ;
 " Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 " Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 " Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 " Load to misery most distressing,
 " O how gladly I'd resign thee,
 " And to dark oblivion join thee !"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune,—*' Druimion dubh.'*

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me ;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature's law ;
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa !

BLYLHE WAS SHE.

*Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben :
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lee ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosing bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.



WHERE RAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune,—*'N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercainny.'*

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochils rise,
 Far in their shades my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wond'ring eyes.
 As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd doubly marks its beam,
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r!
 The tyrant Death with grim controul
 May seize my fleeting breath;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune,—‘*Invercauld’s Reel.*’

*O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been sae shy;
For laik o’ gear ye lightly me,
But, trouth, I care na by.*

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stour:
Ye geck at me because I’m poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o’ clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene’er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that’s sae mean,
Altho’ his pouch o’ coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho’ a lad were e’er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye’ll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu’ dry.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o’ gear,
Ye’ll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho’ hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie’s gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her sark,
For thee wi’ a’ thy thousand mark;
Ye need nae look sae high.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie ;
 Depriv'd of thee. his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day :
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray ?

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM
BURNS.

Tune.—‘ *Seventh of November.*’

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho’ winter wild in tempest toil’d,
 Ne’er summer sun was half sae sweet :
 Than a’ the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o’er the sultry line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above, my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues ;
 How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain :
 How little of life's scanty span may remain :
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress has worn ;
 What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
 pain'd !
 This life's not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL !

Tune,—*' My love is lost to me.'*

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
 On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
 By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I love thee.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Tune,—*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Farewell the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas ! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile ;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see ;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

*We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !
We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue :
 I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
 'Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white ;
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune,—‘ *Robie Donna Gorach.*’

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command :
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent ;
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luvie o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luvie o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luvie I ken brawlie,
 My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 It's a' for the hney he'll cherish the bee ;
 My laddie's sae meikle in luvè wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luvè to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an airt-penny,
 My Tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'il crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine's the risin sun.

*Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
 Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen' ;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout.

An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out,

Then guidwife count, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN ?

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man !

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan' !

Bad luck to the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang ;
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
 He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows :
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine ;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !
Bonnie wee, &c.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY TAM !

Tune,—*'The Moudiewort.'*

*An O, for ane and twenty Tam !
 An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan, a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam !
An O, for ane, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,
 O leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes caller rest :
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?

Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?



COUNTRY LASSIE.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield :
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will ;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye hae woovers mony ane,
 And lassie, ye're but young ye ken ;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luvèr's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 I dinna care a single flee ;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luvè to spare for me :
 But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
 Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught ;
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
 A hungry care's an unco care :
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luvè,
 The gowd and siller canna buy ;
 We may be poor—Robie and I,
 Light is the burden luvè lays on ;
 Content and luvè brings peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rew on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence,
 Under friendship's kind disguise !
 Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
 The offence is loving thee :
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe ;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sinny noon ;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon ;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

THE POSIE.

O Luvè will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
 O luvè will venture in, where wisdom ance has been ;

But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae
green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' woman kind, and blooms without
a peer;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phebus peeps in view,
For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak
away:

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae
clear;

The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above,

That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
remove,

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree :
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;

*Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.*

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hen shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther ;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin ;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;

Her walie nieves like midden creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care ;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh ! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
But the dire feeling *O, farewell for ever,*
Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
'Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone ;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires ;
To Evan banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
Oh ! banks to me for ever dear !
Oh ! stream whose murmurs still I hear !
All, all my hopes of bliss reside,
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast ;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursu'd me with her eye !
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
 Which sweetly winds so far below ;
 What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
 All that on Evan's border springs ?
 Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
 Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Atone for years in absence lost ?
 Return ye moments of delight,
 With richer treasures bless my sight !
 Swift from this desart let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !
 Nor more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

WILT thou be my dearie ;
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee ;
 By the treasure of my soul,
 And that's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow, that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me :
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou, for thine, may chuse me :
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me,

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind :
 O woman lovely, woman fair !
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gein thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

 AFTON WATER.

Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly Winter grimly flies ;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the suns returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flow'ry Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 'Till smiling Spring again appear,
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
 To gie the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And give it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees delight in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean ?
 Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me ;
 Kings and nations, swith awa !
 Reif randies I disown ye !

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake of somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not ?
 For the sake o' somebody !

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
 And ay the saut tear blins her e'e :

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see ;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e !
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune,—“ *Finlayston House.*”

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart :
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid :
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond I bare my breast,
 O do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love at rest !

O MAY THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
 As the mirk night o' December :
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber :
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will ay remember.
And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
 Can push about the jorum ;
 And here's to them that wish us well,
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them ;
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to, &c.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year ?
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms,
 O' paradise could yield me joy ;
 But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there,

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon ;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
 I careless quit aught else below ;
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she—as fairest is her form !
 She has the truest, kindest heart.



A RED, RED ROSE.

O My love's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June :
 O my love's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I :
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
 will love thee still my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
 And fare thee weel, a while !
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky ;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posie—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

*Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in in the morning, &c.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
 Gaily in the sunny beam;
 List'ning to the wild bird singing,
 By a falling, crystal stream:
 Straight the sky grew black and daring;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasure I enjoy'd;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd
 Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair. and perform'd but ill;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.



BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

YE gallants bright, I red you right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.
 Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van:
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man;
 Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.

BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry :
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

 SONG.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity,
 That he from our lasses should wander awa :
 For he's bonnie and braw, well-favour'd with a'.
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw :
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 His coat is the hue, &c.
 For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin',
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and
 braw ;
 But chiefly the siller, *that* gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.—
 There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen him,
 And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha' ;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
 —But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highland's a chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer :
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

 SONG.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy ?

Wha will tent me when I cry ?

Wha will kiss me whare I lie ?

The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut ?

Wha will buy my groanin-maut ?

Wha will tell me how to ca't ?

The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair,

Wha will sit beside me there ?

Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,

The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will crack to me my lane ?

Wha will mak me fidgin fain ?

Wha will kiss me o'er again ?

The rantin dog the daddie o't.

SONG.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awakens the morrow ;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood,
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow,
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I dare na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But, oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie !
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me ;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I Do confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in love ;
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart could move.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy,
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while ;
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like ony common weed and vile.



YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
 reed :

Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich vallies, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
 For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath ;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair ;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ;
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
 And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !



WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR ?

WHA is that at my bower door ?

O wha is it but Findlay ?

Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here !

Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.

What mak ye sae like a thief ?

O come and see, quo' Findlay ;

Before the morn ye'll work mischief ;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—

Let me in, quo' Findlay ;

Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din ;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay—

Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;

I fear ye'll bide till break o' day ;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,

I'll remain, quo' Findlay ;

I dread ye'll learn the gate again ;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay ;

What may pass within this bower,

Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;

Ye maun conceal till your last hour ;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay !

SONG.

Tune,—“ *The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.*”

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O ;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne’er a
farthing, O

For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth
regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O
Tho’ to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was
charming, O

My talents they were not the worst ; nor yet ‘ my edu-
cation, O

Resolv’d was I, at least to try, to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune’s
favour, O

Some cause unseen, still stept between, to frustrate
each endeavour, O

Sometimes by foes I was o’erpower’d ; sometimes by
friends forsaken, O

And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst
mistaken, O.

Then sore harass’d, and tir’d at last, with fortune’s
vain delusion, O

I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to this
conclusion, O

The past was bad, and the future hid ; its good or ill
untried, O

But the present hour was in my pow’r, and so I would
enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to
befriend me, O

So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to sus-
tain me, O

To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred
me early, O

For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm
doom'd to wander, O.

Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slum-
ber, O

No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me
pain or sorrow, O

I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-mor-
row, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well, as a monarch in a
palace, O.

Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her
wonted malice, O

I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make it
farther, O

But, as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard
her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money, O
Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon
me, O

Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my goodnatur'd
folly, O

But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be
melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting
ardour, O

The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your
view the farther, O

Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore
you, O

A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before
you, O.

SONG.

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Tho' mountains frown and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between ;
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

* * * * *

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune,—‘ *John Anderson my Jo.*’

ONE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down to ponder,
 Upon an auld tree root :
 Auld Air ran by before me,
 And bicker'd to the seas ;
 A cushat crowded o'er me
 That echoed thro' the braes.

* * * * *

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune,—‘ *Daintie Davie.*’

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But what na day o' what na style
 I doubt its hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' *Robin*.

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' :
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
 Blew hansel in on *Robin*.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof,
 I think we'll ca' him *Robin*.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But ay a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' *Robin*.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, *Robin*.

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you, Sir,
 Ye gar the lasses * * * *
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
 So blessin's on thee, *Robin* !

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

SONG—FRAGMENT.

Tune,—‘ *I had a Horse and I had nae mair.*’

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was nae steady,
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade
 A mistress still I had ay :
 But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreadin' any body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

* * * * *

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune,—‘ *Galla Water.*’

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

Were I a Baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin't with Mongomerie's Peggy.—

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

O RAGING fortune's with'ring blast
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O
 O raging fortune's with'ring blast
 Has laid my leaf full low ! O.
 My stem was fair, my bud was green,
 My blossom sweet did blow, O
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
 And made my branches grow, O.
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O
 But luckless fortune's northern storms
 Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

SONG.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SONG.

Tune,—‘ *Banks of Banna.*’

YESTREEN I had a pint o’ wine,
 A place where body saw na’ ;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o’ mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o’er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah !
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I’ll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna !

Awa thou flaunting god o’ day !
 Awa thou pale Diana !
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
 When I’m to meet my Anna.
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
 Sun, moon, and stars withdraw a’ ;
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi’ my Anna !

CALEDONIA.

Tune,—‘ *Caledonian Hunt’s Delight.*’

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,

From some of your northern deities sprung,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
 Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.
 A lambkin in peace. but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew :
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
 “ Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall
 rue !”
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.
 Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land :
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.
 The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth,
 To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore :
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd.
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.
 The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood ;
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.
 Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :

For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;
 Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them
 always.

SONG.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care :
 Their titles a' are empty show ;
 Gie me my highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will ;
 To sing my highland lassie, O.*

Oh, were yon hills and vallies mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;
 But while my crimson currents flow
 I'll love my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glens sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plains sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O!

SONG.

Tune,—‘*Morag.*’

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dew's o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman kind,
And ne'er a one to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming.
O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted.
O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted.—
O that's, &c.

SONG.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane ;
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.
 Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating ram !
 Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain !
 When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be !
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

SONG.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavn'ly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.
 The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye ;
 Who but owns their magic sway,
 Who but knows they all decay !
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms,
 These are all immortal charms.

SONG,

WRITTEN AND SUNG AT THE GENERAL MEETING OF THE EXCISE
 OFFICERS IN SCOTLAND.

THE Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman ;
 And ilka auld wife cry'd, " Auld Mahoun,
 " We wish you luck o' the prize man.

CHORUS.

“ *We’ll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
 “ We’ll dance and sing and rejoice man ;
 “ And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil,
 “ That danc’d awa wi’ the Exciseman.*

“ There’s threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 “ There’s hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
 “ But the ae best dance e’er cam to our lan’,
 “ Was the Deil’s awa wi’ the Exciseman.”
 “ *We’ll mak our maut, &c.*”

A SONG ON MISS PEGGY K——,

Tune—“ *Last time I came o’er the muir.*”

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 She’s blushing like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With pearly gems adorning.

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams,
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter on the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh’ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherry’s bright,
 A richer die has grac’d them ;
 They charm th’ admiring gazer’s sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them.

Her smile is like the evening mild,
 When feather’d pairs are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy’s foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her.
 As blooming spring unbends the brow
 Of savage, surly winter.

Distraction’s eye no arm can join
 Her winning powers to lessen ;
 And spiteful envy grins in vain
 The poison’d tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love and truth,
 From every ill defend her ;
 Inspire the highly favour’d youth
 The destinies intend her.

Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
 Responsive in each bosom ;
 And bless the dear parental name,
 With many a filial blossom.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming
 fair,

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn ;
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT

AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

Tune—" *Captain Okain.*"

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murin'ring streamlet runs clear thro' the vale ;
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale ;
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
 No birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing ;
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, cou'd it merit their malice,
 A king and a father to place on his throne !
 His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
 Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas ! can I make it no better return !

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers one summer's day,
 For summer lightly dress'd,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd,
 When Willy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had su'd,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembl'd when he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose,
 Her lips still as they fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly press'd,
 Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace,
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace.
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole :
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear inspired wings ;
 So Nelly startling half awake,
 Away affrighted springs.
 But Willy follow'd as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood,
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

END OF THE SONGS.

APPENDIX.

THE posthumous fame of Burns is without parallel in the annals of poetry. Soon after his death, meetings were held in various parts of the British Empire, commemorative of his excellencies as a son of inspiration. Among the earliest of the anniversaries that were celebrated in honour of his memory, was one which took place in the Cottage wherein he was born. The party was small but select, and formed a most interesting group, from the circumstance of nearly one half of the company having their names associated with some of the most gratifying particulars in the Poet's history. The meeting consisted of the following sincere friends and admirers of their far famed countryman—

WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Esq. of Doonside, by whose father the father of Burns had been employed in the capacity of a Gardener.

JOHN BALLANTINE, Esq. to whom Burns addressed the "Twa Brigs o' Ayr."

ROBERT AIKIN, Esq. to whom he dedicated "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

PATRICK DOUGLAS, Esq. of Garallan, by whose interest he was to have obtained a situation in Jamaica, had he followed out his intention of repairing to that Island.

PRIMROSE KENNEDY, Esq. of Drumellan.

HEW FERGUSSON, Esq. Barrack-master, Ayr.

DAVID SCOTT, Esq. Banker, Ayr.

THOMAS JACKSON, Esq. L. L. D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. The Rev. HAMILTON PAUL, who had been previously solicited by Provost Ballantine, through the interposition of Captains Kennedy & Fergusson, to prepare a few verses suited to the occasion, and who has since written eighteen anniversary Odes, in commemoration of the Birth day of Burns, from which a few extracts are subjoined.

The meeting above mentioned took place in 1801. The succeeding Festivals were honoured by the presence of the most distinguished characters in the town and neighbourhood. An additional room was built to the end of the Cottage; but the numbers increased to such a degree, that they could not, without the utmost difficulty, be accommodated. At the several anniversaries, the Odes were read by different Gentlemen.—That of 1805 was read by Major-General Sir FREDERICK ADAM, at that time stationed with his regiment at Ayr. Some weak attempts have been made by narrow minded men, to expose to ridicule this *Burnomania*, as they term it; but, like self-love converted by the plastic power of the Poet into social affection, it is spreading wider and wider every day.

“ Friends, kindred, neighbours, first it doth embrace,
Our country next, and next all human race.”

IRREGULAR ANNIVERSARY ODE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

SCENE—*The Cottage in which he was born.*

HERE let me kneel and kiss the precious earth,
For ever hallow'd by the Poet's birth.

Where'er I look, around on grove or green,
From this blest spot his magic gilds the scene:
Here stands the Kirk, in which his wizard power,
Conjur'd hobgoblins at the midnight hour;

And Doon in sweet meanders winds along,
 'Mid banks that bloom for ever in his song ;
 Thro' fairy scenes, there wanders wood-crown'd AYR,
 Scenes of his love, his musings, and his care.

While rivers roll their torrents to the main,
 While dewy clouds refresh the thirsty plain,
 So long, sweet Bard, thy heav'nly strains shall flow,
 Inspiring joy, or mitigating woe.

While youthful Bards delight to strike the lyre,
 And pay their court with rapturous desire,
 To objects half infernal, half divine,
 Man's bane and bliss—to women, wit, and wine :
 So long thine amorous ditties shall be sung,
 And breathe enchantment from the virgin's tongue ;
 So long each tale of thine, each story droll,
 Shall add new lustre to the sparkling bowl.

You've heard the choristers of spring,

Their dulcet throats attune,
 And far and wide responsive ring,

The Braes o' bonnie DOON :

And on the bushy banks of Ayr,

You've heard the warbling throng,

But none so witching, none so rare,

None half-entitled to compare,

With our sweet ROBIN's song.

The mellow numbers, as they flow,

Pour balm into the wounds of woe,

Or bid the youthful fancy rove,

To scenes of joy or haunts of love.

Thus beams the friendly polar star,

On midnight mariner from far,

Whose wakeful and inquiring eye,

Unceasing rambles o'er the sky,

In quest of an unerring guide,

To pilot him across the tide,

And moor him safe from ocean's harms,

Within his well beloved's arms.

Ye trees, that crown the wat'ry glade,

Ye birds, that chant the boughs among,

Ye seem to wear a deeper shade,

Ye seem to pour a sadder song.

What tho' around the Poet's grave,

The thistle spring, the long grass wave,

The lowly bramble creep!

What though the church-yard's heaps among,
 In slow procession move along,
 The friends of genius and of song,
 To wonder and to weep !

Yet still around the Poet's tomb,
 The laurel evergreen shall bloom,
 Shall beautify his honour'd bust,
 And shade his consecrated dust.

Ye sacred groves, ye silver streams
 That glitter to the sunny beams,

Your lov'd retreats we choose :
 To sing of him who bids you show
 A brighter verdure, as you blow,
 A sweeter murmur, as you flow,
 In his enchanting muse.

Ye woods that grace his Coila's plain,
 Ye bloom and fade, and bloom again,
 But in his deathless verse pourtray'd,
 Ye blossom never more to fade.

Still Spring, with hyacinthine bell,
 Shall grace the green groves of Rozelle,
 And Summer, with bewitching smile,
 Bloom round the borders of Bellisle.
 And that lov'd stream, bless'd by his song,
 In soft meanders glide,
 The Braes of Allowa among
 Or woodlands of Doonside.

Still honest men, and maidens fair,
 Shall tread the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 And th' annual tributary lay,
 With willing hearts to him we'll pay,
 Whose ardent soul and polish'd mind,
 Restor'd the purity of song
 (Degraded and debas'd so long)

And love's soft dialect refin'd :
 Who bade the youthful Scottish swain
 Breathe from his soul a purer strain,
 Expressive of love's joy or woe,
 Than ever yet was heard to flow
 From shepherd on Arcadian plain ;
 Who taught the ruddy rural lass,
 When May-morn gems the dewy grass,
 As bending o'er her milking pail,
 To pour her soft notes on the gale—

Notes that a Vestal well might hear,
 And notes that would have charm'd the ear,
 And claim'd the sympathetic tear
 Of Petrarch in Vaucluse's vale!

Happy could I ascend on equal wing,
 And soaring high with equal vigour sing,
 Then Doon should roll more rapidly his floods
 Ayr more majestic wander thro' his woods.

Beloved streams, where'er my footsteps roam,
 Your grateful murmurs seem to call me home :
 By fancy led, I linger in your shades,
 And gaze enamour'd on your lovely maids—
 Review your palaces and wizard towers,
 And tread again your honeysuckle bowers—

O, that the lov'd Bard, ere his spirit was flown,
 Ere he bade a short life of misfortune adieu,
 Wide over my shoulders his mantle had thrown,
 I'd have breath'd a strain worthy of him and of you :
 But alas cold for ever's the soul kindling fire.
 Mute the tongue that could captivate, ravish, inspire,
 While the hands of the feeble awaken the lyre,
 And the Muses sigh out, " our adorers are few !"

Yet many a one, whose kindred soul,
 Glows with congenial fire,
 As years on years successive roll,
 Will, gathering round the mantling bowl,
 In ecstasy admire,
 That matchless magnitude of mind,
 That feeling heart, that taste refin'd,
 That self-taught art sublime,
 Which bid the Cottage tenant rise,
 Th' ennobled favourite of the skies,
 Whose heaven sent laurel crown defies
 The withering touch of time !

Where Caledonia's name is known,
 From Iceland to the burning Zone,
 Who that the witchery has tri'd,
 Of Coila's Lark, and Scotia's pride,
 As he depicts the rural scene,
 Tho' exil'd from his native home,
 Does not with ceaseless transport roam,
 'Mong groves of everlasting green ?

And where the Ganges' ocean stream
Rolls, and reflects the morning beam,
Or Niagara's waters play,
And dance beneath the setting day,
Reclin'd amid the bow'ry shade
At gloaming grey or sultry noon,
Who has not clasp'd his darling maid,
By hermit Ayr or bonnie Doon?
But chief, beneath his native shades,
The ardent youths and love-sick maids,
The feast of harmony prolong,
And pour the very soul of song.
Where nymphs and swains enamour'd stray,
Along the fertile banks of Tay;
Or shepherds tune the Doric reed,
And charm the holms of classic Tweed;
Or roam Edina's virgin train,
Where Forth meand'ring seeks the main;
Or Glotta's maids, with graceful pride,
Adorn the verdant vale of Clyde;
There they attune their mellow throats
And warble forth their chearful notes.

But nothing can surpass the tune,
That echoes from the braes of Doon:
Nought with the music can compare,
That floats along the banks of Ayr.

Ye rivers that have roll'd your tide,
Since time began to run,
Whose waters will perennial glide,
Coeval with the sun,
When we shall yield, as yield we must,
To fate, and mingle with the dust,
On you shall future beauties bloom,
And fresh flowers yearly shed perfume,
And other Bards, profuse of praise,
Delight your echoes with their lays,
And other friends to merit fled
Here pay due honours to the dead,
And as they fan the gen'rous flame
Immortalize the Poet's name!—

The success of Burns, at that time unrivalled, awakened the ambition of a myriad of servile imitators, who conceived that a facility of versifying, and a knack at rhyming, formed the Poet, and constituted the essentials of poetry. They mistook ribaldry for wit, and vulgarity of language for the true Scottish dialect.— Few of them, therefore, attained to celebrity in the path which Burns had trode. But panegyrical effusions have proceeded from the pens of the most celebrated Poets of the age, for genius, taste, and originality.— Scarcely an author of eminence has appeared since the demise of the Poet, who has not paid a compliment to the merit of Burns.

In one department of poetry, that of Song, the muse of Caledonia maintains a decided pre-eminence. What a brilliant constellation might be formed by clustering together the names of Burns, Campbell, Scott and Macniel, to which might be added those of Tannahill and the Etterick Shepherd, and giving the world a selection of their most admired songs !

I mean not to institute a comparison between Burns and these writers, in respect to their longer and more elaborate compositions, but merely to show the transcendency of his merit as a writer of songs—

To Macniel we are indebted for some exquisite touches of nature,

“ Saw ye my wee thing, &c.

* * * * *

I met a bonnie thing, late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flow'rs the haw tree,
Her hair it was lintwhite, her skin it was milkwhite,
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e,
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me—

* * * * *

Fair as your face is, were't twenty times fairer,
 Young braggart she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee, &c."

* * * * *

"The smile gaed aff her bonnie face,
 "I maunna lea' my mammy,
 She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
 She's been my comfort a' my days,
 My father's death brought many waes,
 I canna lea' my mammy—"

The ETTERICK SHEPHERD has given the world some diverting strains in the true style and spirit of the simple ballad,

"If Buonaparte land at Fort-William,
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
 I laugh when I think how we'll gall him,
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Gairie,
 We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,
 Or lull him asleep in a cairnie,
 And sing him, "Lochaber no more."

"What tho' we befriended young Charlie?
 To tell it I dinna think shame,
 Poor lad! he cam till us right barely,
 An' reckon'd our mountains his hame;
 'Tis true that our reason forlode us,
 But tenderness carried the day,
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
 Wi' him we had a' gone away—"

The latter stanza has been represented by critics as the best of the ballad—I am of a different opinion—It gives a false view of the Highland character. The Chieftains, at least, "befriended young Charlie," because they regarded him as the representative of their legitimate Sovereign, and the heir apparent to the Crown.—Had any other "come friendless amang them," they would not perhaps have maltreated him, but they would not have recognized his claim to the support of their arms.

THE great defect, or rather excess of those compositions, which are avowedly adapted to an unconstrained union with vocal or instrumental music, is prolixness. No species of writing requires to be short and pithy so much as the song. In this respect that song of the ETTERICK SHEPHERD, though otherwise extremely beautiful, is exceedingly faulty—

“ Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
The sang ye sang yestreen o’,”

A song of more than ordinary length is apt to become languid. Our THOMSON, with all his mellifluence, was almost incapable of writing a song with energy and pathos. There is a tameness in his language which will for ever exclude his lyrical compositions from any great share of popular applause. From this reprehension we must, however, except—

“ Rule Britannia,” and “ Tell me, thou soul of her I love.”

His friend MALLETT was very happy in “ The Birks of Invermay,”—

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay ;
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life’s winter, will appear ;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade ;
Our taste of pleasure then is o’er,
The feather’d songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Mr. BOSWELL, in whose family, genius, wit, and taste, appear to be hereditary, but who writes rather as an amateur than a professed author, is remarkably happy in his courtship of the Comic Muse—

“ When first I went to her, on purpose to woo her,
Of mighty fine things I did say a great deal,
But above all the rest, that which *plazed* her best
Was, och ! will you marry me, Shelah O’Neale ?”

* * * * *

“ I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi’ hinging lugs, an’ faces lang,
I spier’d at neebour Bauldy Strang,
“ Wha’s thae I see ?”
Quo’ he, “ ilk cream-fac’d paukie chiel
Thinks himsel cunning as the Deil,
An’ they are come awa to steal
Jenny’s baubee.”—

* * * * *

“ She bade the Laird gae kaim his wig,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The Soldier no to look sae big,
The fool he cried ‘ te-hee !
‘ I ken’d,’ quo’ he, ‘ I ne’er wad fail :’
She preen’d the dish-clout till his tail,
She cool’d him wi’ the water-pail,
An’ sav’d her baubee.”

TANNAHILL was capable of accurate and natural description.

“ The sun has gane down o’er the lofty Ben-lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o’er the scene.

* * * * *

“ O sweet is the brier wi’ its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi’ its mantle o’ green—”

From CAMPBELL the feeling heart and polished mind may derive ecstatic delight. Distress, though induced

by being engaged in an unjustifiable cause, is poetically affecting—

“ Ah ! Gilderoy, bethought we then,
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin’s lovely glen
You triumph’d o’er my heart.”

“ Yes—they will mock thy widow’s tears,
And hate thine orphan boy,
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy !”

In WALTER SCOTT’S Ballad, entitled “ Young Lochinvar,” the following passage is eminently characteristic of the feelings called forth by the occasion—

“ So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper’d, ‘ ‘Twere better by far,
‘ To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

But I have scarcely met with any thing that surpassed in tenderness the following, supposed to have been sung on the eve of a battle—

“ The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder’s tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary.

“ To-morrow night more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet Maid,
It will not waken me, Mary.

“ A time will come, with feeling fraught,
For if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover’s dying thought,
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

“ And if return’d from conquer’d foes,
 How blithely will the ev’ning close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary ?”

The name *Mary* is a favourite with the Caledonian songsters. From *Mary*, Queen of Scots, to *Mary Scott*, the flower of *Yarrow*, it has maintained the ascendant in the Scottish ballad. There is something musical in the enunciation, and it is excellently adapted to the melody of a double rhyme. I am sorry to see this mellifluous dissyllable dashed out of *Halloween*. In the first *Kilmarnock* and *Edinburgh* editions the name *Mary* made a conspicuous appearance—

FIRST EDITION.

“ Poor Willie, wi’ his bowkail runt,
 Was brunt wi’ primsie Mallie,
 And *Mary*, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar’d to Willie.
 Mall’s nit lap out, &c.”

CURRIE’S EDITION.

“ Poor Willie, wi’ his bowkail runt,
 Was brunt wi’ primsie Mallie,
 And *Mallie*, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar’d to Willie.
 Mall’s nit lap out, &c.”

To a mere English reader, the beauty of the three-fold appellation is undiscernible; and Dr. Currie having, as appears from a variety of blunders, almost forgotten his vernacular tongue, has destroyed what to me is the principal charm in the stanza. I conceive Burns to have diversified the name with both wit and judgment. *Mallie* a bouncing country quean, *Mary* a lady, or one who gives herself airs as such, and *Mall* a female of the lowest rank, and when the passage is read with emphases suited to this view, the effect is admirable—

“ Poor Willie, wi’ his bowkail runt,
 Was brunt wi’ primsie Mallie,
 And *Mary*, *nae doubt*, took the drunt
 To be compar’d to Willie.
 Mall’s nit lap out, &c.”

The Poet, in my opinion, has, in the first instance, given the rural beauty the name by which she was usually designated—in the second instance, he calls her by a genteeler appellative, but ironically, on account of her sauciness—and in the third instance, he gives her a kind of nickname out of contempt for her pride.—Thus Mall, Mallie, and Mary, are exact counterparts to Will, Willie, and William. Though Mallie, therefore, could not, with propriety, object to being emblematically burnt with Willie, yet the gentler Mary might entertain her scruples. I hope to see Mary restored to her place in Halloween—and also the original text of some other passages, with which Editors have taken liberties, restored.

The writers, from whose songs I have given quotations above, have each his peculiar excellence—one is master of the pathetic, another of the tender, a third is an adept in the plaintive, and a fourth is distinguished by a happy vein of humour; but in all these departments of lyrical composition, Burns was equally and eminently successful. To prove his unrivalled excellence in this walk of literature, we need only appeal to the writings themselves. For bold, heroic and patriotic sentiment, expressed in language of the most energetic description, is there any thing superior to the following?

“ Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe,
 Liberty’s in every blow!
 Let us do or die!”



“Thou strik’st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves ev’n the wreck of a name;
 Thou strik’st the young hero, a glorious mark,
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!”

Love of country, freedom and independence, are
 the leading features of Caledonia—

“The slave’s spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi’ disdain:
 He wanders as free as the winds on his mountains,
 Save love’s willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.”

The compliment to simple rural beauty and pure
 innocence, was never more felicitously expressed than
 in his panegyrics on Jean and Nannie—

“I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair;
 I hear her in the tunefu’ birds,
 I hear her charm the air;
 There’s not a bonnie flow’r that springs,
 By fountain, shaw or green,
 There’s not a bonnie bird that sings
 But minds me o’ my Jean.”

* * * *

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 She’s spotless as she’s bonnie o’;
 The op’ning gowan wet wi’ dew
 Nae purer is than Nannie o’.”

Absence was never better depicted than it is in
 these affecting strains—

“O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie’s bride!
 And years sinsyne hae o’er us run
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.

* * * *

Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy,
 My soul delightless a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes."

* * * * *

" Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity, my Nannie's awa."

For deep, heartfelt, and touching melancholy, there
 is nothing in any language to match this—

" How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my deary;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

* * * * *

" O pale, pale, now those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly,
 And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
 That dwalt on me sae kindly;
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that loe'd me dearly,
 Yet still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary."

In sterling wit and genuine humour our Bard is
 irresistibly captivating—

" But warily tent whan ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back yett be a-jee,
 Syne up the back style, an' let naebody see,
 An' come as ye were na coming to me."

* * * * *

“ He spak o’ the darts o’ my bonnie black een,
 And said for my love he was dieing,
 I said he might die whan he liked, for Jean,
 But guid forgie me for lieing.”

* * * * *

“ Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The place they ca’d it Linkumdoddie ;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Could stown a clue wi’ onie body.”

* * * * *

“ Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 And wi’ her loof her face a-washing ;
 But Willie’s wife is no sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi’ a hushion.
 Her walie nieves like midden creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan water.”

* * * * *

“ They’d hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho’ I mysel hae plenty, Tam,
 But hear’st thou, Laddie, there’s my loof,
 I’m thine whan ane an’ twenty, Tam.”

In convivial and bacchanalian effusions, the merit of Burns is superlative—

“ It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That’s blinking in the lift sae hie,
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she’ll wait a wee !”

* * * * *

“ Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
 They’ve taen me in an’ a’ that,
 But clear your decks, an’ here’s the sex !
 I like the jads for a’ that.”

“ Yestreen I had a pint o’ wine—”

is sweet but licentious. It is unnecessary to accumulate proofs of Burns’ leaving competition far far be-

hind. Many fine writers by too direct, minute and elaborate description, enfeeble the sentiment—For instance—

“ The rising front by grandeur form’d,
 The graceful brow serene,
 The cheeks by health and nature warm’d,
 The lips of Cypria’s Queen ;
 The wavy ringlets of her hair
 In jetty blackness fine,
 Her skin most exquisitely fair,
 Her nose the aquiline—
 The heaving softness of her breast
 That trembling courts the touch,
 I strive to paint, but here I rest
 Lest I should paint too much !”

Even Allan Ramsay is too particular :

“ I’d clasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou like ivy or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs shouldst twine,
 Form’d hardy to defend thee—”

But Burns’s song adapted to the same air is—
 “ above all Greek, above all Roman fame.” There is nothing in the whole circle of lyric poetry, ancient or modern, to be named along with it—It bids defiance to comparison—

“ I see thee dancing o’er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e’en—
 By Heaven and earth I love thee !”

This is what may be called the paroxysm of desire—He draws the picture from Nature—he becomes enamoured—he forgets himself—he pants for breath—he is unable to continue the description—and he gives utterance to his feelings in an oath—

“ By heaven and earth I love thee !”

FAREWELL TO THE ALLOWA CLUB,

RECITED AT THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY, BEING THE LAST AT WHICH
THE AUTHOR WAS PRESENT.

Nine times the annual lyre I've strung,
Nine times the Poet's praises sung ;
Thus have the Muses all, by turns,
Paid homage to the shade of BURNS,
While you, the Patrons of the Nine,
Delighted, charm'd, enraptur'd, fir'd,
By love of poesy and wine,
Politely listen'd and admir'd ;
But should my day be overcast,
And this effusion prove my last,
In words that oft have met your ear,
" This last request permit me here ;
When yearly, ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard, that's far awa' !"

END OF THE APPENDIX.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A', *All*
 Aback, *away, aloof*
 Abeigh, *at a shy distance*
 Aboon, *above, up*
 Abroad, *abroad, in sight*
 Abreed, *in breadth*
 Ae, *one*
 Aff, *off*; Aff loof, *unpremeditated*
 Afore, *before*
 Aft, *oft*
 Aften, *often*
 Agley, *off the right line, wrong*
 Aiblins, *perhaps*
 Ain, *own*
 Airl-penny, *earnest-money*
 Airn, *iron*
 Aith, *an oath*
 Aits, *oats*
 Aiver, *an old horse*
 Aizle, *a hot cinder*
 Alake, *alas!*
 Alane, *alone*
 Akwart, *awkward*
 Amaist, *almost*
 Amang, *among*

An', *and, if*
 Ance, *once*
 Ane, *one. and*
 Anent, *over against*
 Anither, *another*
 Ase, *ashes*
 Asklent, *asquint, aslant*
 Asteer, *abroad, stirring*
 Athart, *athwart*
 Aught, *possession, as, in a' my aught, in all my possession*
 Auld lang syne, *olden time, days of other years*
 Auld, *old*
 Auldfarran, *or auld far-rant, sagacious, cunning, prudent*
 Ava, *at all*
 Awa', *away*
 Awfu', *awful*
 Awn, *the beard of barley, oats, &c.*
 Awnie, *bearded*
 Ayont, *beyond*
 B.

BA', *Ball*
 Backets, *ash boards*
 † C c

- Backlins, *comin', coming back, returning*
 Bad, *did bid*
 Baide, *endured, did stay*
 Baggie, *the belly*
 Bainie, *having large bones, stout*
 Bairn, *a child*
 Bairntime, *a family of children, a brood*
 Baith, *both*
 Ban, *to swear*
 Bane, *bone*
 Bang, *to beat. to strive*
 Bardie, *diminutive of bard*
 Barefit, *barefooted*
 Barmie, *of, or like barm*
 Batch, *a crew, a gang*
 Batts, *botts*
 Baudrons, *a cat*
 Bauld, *bold*
 Bawk, *bank*
 Baws'nt, *having a white stripe down the face*
 Be, *to let be, to give over, to cease*
 Bear, *barley*
 Beastie, *dimin. of beast*
 Beet, *to add fuel to fire*
 Beld, *bald*
 Belyve, *by and by*
 Ben, *into the spence or parlour*
 Benlomond, *a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire*
 Bethankit, *grace after meat*
 Beuk, *a book*
 Bicker, *a kind of wooden dish, a short race*
 Bie, or Bield, *shelter*
 Bien, *wealthy, plentiful*
 Big, *to build*
 Biggin, *building a house*
 Biggit, *built*
 Bill, *a bull*
 Billie, *a brother, a young fellow*
 Bing, *a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.*
 Birk, *birch*
 Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-shaw, a small wood*
 Birkie, *a clever fellow*
 Birring, *the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring*
 Bit, *crisis, nick of time*
 Bizz, *a bustle, to buzz*
 Blastie, *a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt*
 Blastit, *blasted*
 Blate, *bashful, sheepish*
 Blather, *bladder*
 Blaud, *a flat piece of any thing; to slap*
 Blaw, *to blow, to boast*
 Bleerit, *bleared, sore with rheum*
 Bleert and blin, *bleared and blind*
 Bleezing, *blazing*
 Blellum, *idle talking fellow*
 Blether, *to talk idly, nonsense*
 Bleth'rin, *talking idly*
 Blink, *a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits*
 Blinker, *a term of contempt*
 Blinkin, *smirkin*
 Blue-gown, *one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge*
 Bluid, *blood*
 Bluntie, *snivelling*
 Blype, *a shred, a large piece*

- Bock, to vomit, to gush in-
 termittently
 Bocked, gushed, vomited
 Bodle, a small gold coin
 Boggles, spirits, hobgoblins
 Bonnie or bonny, hand-
 some, beautiful
 Bonnock, a kind of thick
 cake of bread, a small
 jannack, or loaf made of
 oatmeal
 Board, a board
 Boortree, the shrub elder ;
 planted much of old in
 hedges of barn-yards, &c.
 Boost, behoved, must needs
 Bore, a hole in the wall
 Botch, an angry tumour
 Bouk, vomiting, gushing out
 Bousing, drinking
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bowt, bended, crooked
 Brachens, fern
 Brae, a declivity, a preci-
 pice, the slope of a hill
 Braid, abroad
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braing't, reel'd forward
 Brainge, to run rashly
 forward
 Brak, broke, made insolvent
 Branks, a kind of wooden
 curb for horses
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags
 Brattle, a short race, hurry,
 fury
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawlyt, or brawlie, very
 well, finely, heartily
 Braxie, a morbid sheep
 Breastie, diminutive of
 breast
 Breastit, did spring up or
 forward
- Brecken, fern
 Breef. an invulnerable or
 irresistible spell
 Breeks, breeches
 Brent, smooth
 Brewin, brewing
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brig, a bridge
 Brunstane, brimstone
 Brisket, breast, the bosom
 Brither, a brother
 Brock, a badger
 Brogue. a hum, a trick
 Broo, broth. liquid, water
 Broose, broth ; a race at
 country weddings, who
 shall first reach the bride-
 groom's house on return-
 ing from church
 Brugh, a burgh
 Bruilzie, a broil a combus-
 tion
 Brunt, did burn, burnt
 Brust, to burst, burst
 Buchan-bullers, the boil-
 ing of the sea among the
 rocks on the coast of
 Buchan
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of
 Virginia
 Bught, a pen
 Bughtin-time, the time of
 collecting the sheep in the
 pens to be milked
 Burdly, stout-made, broad-
 made
 Bum-clock, a humming
 beetle that flies in the sum-
 mer evenings
 Bumming, humming as bees
 Bummie, to blunder
 Bummler, a blunderer
 Bunker, a window-seat
 Burdies, diminutive of
 birds

Bure, *did bear*
 Burn, *water, a rivulet*
 Burnie, *dimin. of burn*
 Burnewin, *i. e. burn the wind, a blacksmith*
 Buskie, *bushy*
 Buskit, *dressed*
 Busks, *dresses*
 Busle, *a bustle, to bustle*
 Buss, *shelter*
 But. bot, *with*
 But an' ben, *the country kitchen and parlour*
 By-himself, *lunatic, distracted*
 Byke, *a bee-hive*
 Byre, *a cow-stable, a sheep-pen*

C.

CA', *to call, to name, to drive*
 Ca't or ca'd, *called, driven, calved.*
 Cadger, *a carrier*
 Cadie, or caddie, *a person, a young fellow*
 Caff, *chaff*
 Caird, *a tinker*
 Cairn, *a loose heap of stones*
 Calf ward, *a small enclosure for calves*
 Callan, *a boy*
 Callar, *fresh, sound, refreshing*
 Canie or cannie, *gentle, mild, dexterous*
 Cannilie, *dexterously, gently*
 Cantie, or canty, *cheerful, merry*
 Cantraip, *a charm, a spell*
 Cap-stane, *cope-stone, key-stone*
 Careerin, *cheerfully*
 Carl, *an old man*

Carlin, *a stout old woman*
 Cartes, *cards*
 Caudron, *a caldron*
 Cauk and keel, *chalk and red clay*
 Cauld, *cold*
 Caup, *a wooden drinking-vessel*
 Cesses, *taxes*
 Chanter, *a part of a bag-pipe*
 Chap, *a person, a fellow, a blow*
 Chaup, *a stroke, a blow*
 Cheekit, *cheeked*
 Cheep, *a chirp, to chirp*
 Chiel, or cheel, *a young fellow*
 Chimla, or chimlie, *a fire-grate, a fire-place*
 Chimla lug, *the fireside*
 Chittering, *shivering, trembling*
 Chockin, *choking*
 Chow, *to chew; cheek for chow, side by side*
 Chuffie, *fat-faced*
 Clachan, *a small village about a church, a hamlet*
 Claise, or claes, *clothes*
 Claith, *cloth*
 Claithing, *clothing*
 Claivers, *nonsense, not speaking sense*
 Clap, *clapper of a mill*
 Clarkit, *wrote*
 Clash, *an idle tale, the story of the day*
 Clatter, *to tell little idle stories; an idle story*
 Claught, *snatched at, laid hold of*
 Claut, *to clean, to scrape*
 Clauted, *scraped*
 Clavers, *idle stories*

- Claw, *to scratch*
 Cleed, *to clothe*
 Cleeds, *clothes*
 Cleekit, *having caught*
 Clinkin, *jerking, clinking*
 Clinkumbell, *who rings the church bell*
 Clips, *sheers*
 Clishmaclaver, *idle conversation*
 Clock, *to hatch, a beetle*
 Clockin, *hatching*
 Cloot, *the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.*
 Clootie, *an old name for the Devil*
 Clour, *a bump or swelling after a blow*
 Cluds, *clouds*
 Coaxin, *wheeling*
 Coble, *a fishing boat*
 Cockernonny, *a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap*
 Coft, *bought*
 Cog, *a wooden dish*
 Coggie, *dimin. of cog*
 Coila, *from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch*
 Collie, *a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs*
 Collieshangie, *quarrelling*
 Commaun, *command*
 Cood, *the cud*
 Coof, *a blockhead, a ninny*
 Cookit, *appeared, and disappeared by fits*
 Coost, *did cast*
 Coot, *the ankle or foot*
 Cootie, *a wooden kitchen dish:—also those fowls,*
whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie
 Corbies, *a species of the crow*
 Core, *corps, party, clan*
 Corn't, *fed with oats*
 Cottar, *the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage*
 Couthie, *kind, loving*
 Cove, *a cove*
 Cowe, *to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom*
 Cowp, *to barter, to tumble over, a gang*
 Cowpit, *tumbled*
 Cowrin, *cowering*
 Cowte, *a colt*
 Cozie, *snug*
 Cozily, *snugly*
 Crabbit, *crabbed, fretful*
 Crack, *conversation, to converse*
 Crackin, *conversing*
 Craft, *or croft, a field near a house (in old husbandry)*
 Craiks, *cries or calls incessantly, a bird*
 Crambo-clink, *or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses*
 Crank, *the noise of an ungreased wheel*
 Crankous, *fretful, captious*
 Cranreuch, *the hoar frost*
 Crap, *a crop, to crop*
 Craw, *a crow of a cock, a rook*
 Creel, *a basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be craz'd, to be fascinated*
 Creeshie, *greasy*
 Crood, *or croud, to coo as a dove*

Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune

Crooning, humming

Crouchie, crook-backed

Crouse, cheerful, courageous

Crousely, cheerfully, courageously

Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.

Crowdie-time, breakfast-time

Croulin, crawling

Crummock, a cow with crooked horns

Crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread

Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel

Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny

Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head

Curchie, a curtesy

Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling

Curlye, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets

Curling, a well known game on the ice

Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise

Curpin, the crupper

Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon

Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle

D.

DADDIE, a father

Daffin, merriment, foolish-

ness

Daft, merry, giddy, foolish

Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then

Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable

Dales, plains, valleys

Darklins, darklin

Daul, to thrash, to abuse

Daul, (noun) a large piece, the noise of one falling flat

Daur, to dare

Daurt, dared

Daurg, or daurk, a day's labour

Davoc, David

Dawtit, or dawtet, sonaled, carssed

Dearies, dimin. of dears

Dearthfu', dear

Deave, to deafen

Deil-nia-care! no matter! for all that!

Deleerit, delirious

Describe, to describe

Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff

Dight, cleaned from chaff

Dights, cleans

Ding, to urst, to push

Dinna, do not

Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain

Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen

Doited, stupified

Dolt, stupified, crazed

Donsie, unlucky

Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn

Doos, doves

Dorty, saucy, nice

Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent

Doucely, *soberly, prudently*
 Dought, *was or were able*
 Doup, *backside*
 Doup-skelper, *one that strikes the tail*
 Dour and din, *sullen, sallow*
 Doure, *stout, durable, sullen, stubborn*
 Douser, *more prudent*
 Dow, *am or are able, can.*
 Dowff, *pithless, wanting force*
 Dowie, *worn with grief, fatigue &c. half asleep*
 Downa, *am or are not able, cannot*
 Doylt, *stupid*
 Drap, *a drop, to drop*
 Drapping, *dropping*
 Dreep, *to ooze, to drop*
 Dreigh, *tedious, long about it*
 Dribble, *drizzling, slaver*
 Drift, *a drove*
 Broddum, *the breech*
 Drone, *part of a bag-pipe*
 Droop, *rumpl't, that droops at the crupper*
 Droukit, *wet*
 Drounting, *drawling*
 Drouth, *thirst, drought*
 Drucken, *drunken*
 Drumly, *muddy*
 Drummock, *meal and water mixed; raw*
 Drunt, *pet, sour humour*
 Dub, *a small pond*
 Duds, *rags, clothes*
 Duddie, *ragged*
 Dung, *worsted, pushed, driven*
 Dunted, *beaten, boxed*
 Dush, *to push as a ram, &c.*
 Dush't, *pushed by a ram, ox, &c.*

E

E'E, *the eye*
 E'en, *the eyes*
 E'enin, *evening*
 Eerie, *frighted, dreading spirits*
 Eild, *old age*
 Elbuck, *the elbow*
 Eldritch, *ghastly, frightful*
 En', *end*
 Enbrugh, *Edinburgh*
 Eneugh, *enough*
 Especial, *especially*
 Ettle, *to try, attempt*
 Eydent, *diligent*

F

FA', *fall, lot, water-fall*
 Faddom't, *fathomed*
 Fae, *a foe*
 Faem, *foam*
 Faiket, *unknown*
 Fairin, *a fairin, a present*
 Fallow, *fellow*
 Fand, *did find*
 Farl, *a cake of bread*
 Fash, *trouble, care, to trouble, to care for*
 Fasht, *troubled*
 Fastereen-een, *Fastens-Even*
 Fauld, *a fold, to fold*
 Faulding, *folding*
 Faut, *fault*
 Fawsont, *decent, seemly*
 Feal, *a field, smooth*
 Fearfu', *frightful*
 Fear't, *frighted*
 Feat, *neat, spruce*
 Fecht, *to fight*
 Fechtin, *fighting*
 Feck, *many, plenty*
 Fecket, *waistcoat*
 Feckfu', *large, brawny, stout*

- Feckless, *puny, weak, silly*
 Feckly, *weakly*
 Feg, *a fig*
 Feide, *feud, enmity*
 Fell, *keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill*
 Fen, *successful struggle, fight*
 Fend, *to live comfortably*
 Ferlie, or ferley, *to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt*
 Fetch, *to pull by fits*
 Fech't, *pulled intermittently*
 Fidge, *to fidget*
 Fiel, *soft, smooth*
 Fient, *fiend, a petty oath*
 Fier, *sound, healthy; a brother, a friend*
 Fisle, *to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle*
 Fit, *a foot*
 Fittie-lan, *the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough*
 Fizz, *to make a hissing noise, like fermentation*
 Flainen, *flannel*
 Fleech, *to supplicate in a flattering manner*
 Fleech'd, *supplicated*
 Fleechin, *supplicating*
 Fleesh, *a fleece*
 Fleg, *a kick, a random blow*
 Flether, *to decoy by fair words*
 Fletherin, *flattering*
 Fley, *to scare, to frighten*
 Flichter, *to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches*
 Flickering, *to meet, to encounter with*
 Flinders, *sherds, broken pieces*
 Flingin-tree, *a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail*
 Flisk, *to fret at the yoke*
 Fliskit, *fretted*
 Flitter, *to vibrate like the wings of small birds*
 Flittering, *fluttering, vibrating*
 Flunkie, *a servant in livery*
 Foord, *a ford*
 Forbears, *forefathers*
 Forbye, *besides*
 Forfairn, *distressed, worn out, jaded*
 Forfoughten, *fatigued*
 Forgather, *to meet, to encounter with*
 Forgie, *to forgive*
 Forjesket, *jaded with fatigue*
 Fother, *fodder*
 Fou', *full, drunk*
 Foughten, *troubled, harassed*
 Fouth, *plenty, enough, or more than enough*
 Fow, *a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork*
 Frae, *from*
 Freath, *froth*
 Frien', *friend*
 Fu', *full*
 Fud, *the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.*
 Fuff, *to blow, intermitently*
 Fuff't, *did blow*
 Funnie, *full of merriment*
 Fur, *a furrow*
 Furm, *a form, bench*
 Fyke, *trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss*

about trifles
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

G.

GAB, the mouth ; to speak
boldly, or pertly
 Gaber-lunzie, an old man
 Gadsman, ploughboy, the
boy that rides the horses
in the plough
 Gae, to go ; gaed, went ;
 gaen, or gane, gone ;
 gaun, going
 Gaet, or gate, way, man-
 ner, road
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gar, to make, to force to
 Gar't, forced to
 Garten, a garter
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talk-
 ative, to converse
 Gashin, conversing
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gawky, half-witted, fool-
 ish, romping
 Gear, riches, goods of any
 kind
 Geck, to toss the head in
 wantonness or scorn
 Ged, a pike
 Gentles, great folks
 Geordie, a guinea
 Get, a child, a young one
 Ghaist, a ghost
 Gie, to give ; gied, gave ;
 gien, given
 Giftie, dimin. of gift
 Giglets, playful girls
 Gillie, dimin. of gill
 Gilpey, a half grown, half
 informed boy or girl, a
 romping lad, a hoiden
 Gimmer, an ewe from one
 to two years old

Gin, if, against
 Gipsey, a young girl
 Girn, to grin, to twist the
features in rage, agony
 Girning, grinning
 Gizz, a periwig
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
 Glaive, a sword
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth
like a glass
 Glaund, aimed, snatched
 Gleck, sharp, ready
 Gleg, sharp, ready
 Gleib, glebe
 Glen, dale, deep valley
 Gley, a squint, to squint ;
 agley, off at a side,
 wrong
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks
 smoothly and readily
 Glint, to peep
 Glinted, peeped
 Glintin, peeping
 Gloamin, the twilight
 Glowr, to stare, to look, a
 stare, a look
 Glowred, looked, stared
 Gowan, the flower of the
 daisy, dandelion, hawk-
 weed, &c.
 Gowany, gowany glens,
 daisied, dales
 Gowd, gold
 Gowff, the game of Golf ;
 to strike as the bat does
 the ball at golf
 Gowff'd, struck
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of
 contempt
 Gowl, to howl
 Grane or grain, a groan,
 to groan
 Grain'd and gaunted,
 groaned and grunted.
 Graining, groaning

Graip, *a pronged instrument for cleaning stables*
 Graith, *accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear*
 Grannie, *grandmother*
 Grape, *to grope*
 Grapit, *groped*
 Grat, *wept, shed tears*
 Great, *intimate, familiar*
 Gree, *to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor*
 Gree't, *agreed*
 Greet, *to shed tears, to weep*
 Greetin, *erying, weeping*
 Grippet, *catched, seized*
 Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game*
 Grousome, *loathsomely grim*
 Grozet, *a gooseberry*
 Grumph, *a grunt, to grunt*
 Grumphie, *a sow*
 Grun', *ground*
 Grunstone, *a grindstone*
 Gruntle, *the phiz, a grunting noise*
 Grunzie, *mouth*
 Grushie, *thick, of thriving growth*
 Gude, *the Supreme Being; good*
 Guid, *good*
 Guid-morning, *good morrow*
 Guid-e'en, *good evening*
 Guidman and guidwife, *the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married*
 Guily, *or gullie, a large knife*
 Guidfather, *guidmother,*

father-in-law, and mother-in-law

Gumlie, *muddy*

Gusty, *tasteful*

H.

HA', *hall*

Ha' bible, *the great bible that lies in the hall*

Hae, *to have*

Haen, *had, the participle*

Haet, *fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing*

Haffet, *the temple, the side of the head*

Haffins, *nearly half, partly*

Hag, *a scar, or gulf in mosses, and moors*

Haggis, *a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep*

Hain, *to spare, to save*

Hain'd, *spared*

Hairst, *harvest*

Haith, *a petty oath*

Haivers, *nonsense, speaking without thought*

Hal', *or hald, an abiding place*

Hale, *whole, tight, healthy*

Haly, *holy*

Hame, *home*

Hallan, *a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside*

Hallowmas, *Hallow-eve, the 31st of October*

Hamely, *homely, affable*

Han', *or haun', hand*

Hap, *an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap*

Happer, *a hopper*

Happing, *hopping*

GLOSSARY.

- Hap step an' loup, *hop skip and leap*
 Harkit, *hearkened*
 Harn, *very coarse linen*
 Hash, *a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety*
 Hastit, *hastened*
 Haud *to hold*
 Haughs, *now lying, rich lands; valleys*
 Haur!, *to drag, to peel*
 Haurlin, *peeling*
 Haveral, *a half witted person, half witted*
 Havins, *good manners, decorum, good sense*
 Hawkie, *a cow, properly one with a white face*
 Heapit, *heaped*
 Healsome, *healthful, wholesome*
 Hearse, *hoarse*
 Hear't, *hear it*
 Heather, *heath*
 Hech! *oh! strange*
 Hecht, *promised to fortell something that is to be got or given; foretold; offered*
 Heckle, *a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.*
 Heeze, *to elevate, to raise*
 Helm, *the rudder or helm*
 Herd, *to tend flocks, one who tends flocks*
 Herrin, *a herring*
 Herry, *to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests*
 Herryment, *plundering, devastation*
 Hersel, *herself; also a herd of cattle of any sort*
 Het, *hot*
 Heugh, *a crag, a coal-pit*
 Hilch, *a hobble, to halt*
 Hilchin, *halting*
 Himsel, *himself*
 Hiney, *honey*
 Hing, *to hang*
 Hirple, *to walk crazily, to creep*
 Hissel, *so many cattle as one person can attend*
 Histie, *dry, chapt, barren*
 Hicht, *a loop, a knot*
 Hizzie, *hussy, a young girl*
 Hoddin, *the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble*
 Hog-score, *a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink*
 Hog-shouter, *a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle*
 Hool, *outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swade*
 Hoolie, *slowly, leisurely*
 Hoolie!, *take leisure, stop*
 Hoord, *a hoard; to hoard*
 Hoordit, *hoarded*
 Horn, *a spoon made of horn*
 Hornie, *one of the many names of the devil*
 Host, *or hoast, to cough*
 Hostin, *coughing*
 Hosts, *coughs*
 Hotch'd, *turn'd topsy-turvy, blended, mixed*
 Houghmagandie, *fornication*
 Houlet, *an owl*
 Housie, *dimin. of house*
 Hove, *to heave, to swell*
 Hov'd, *heaved, swelled*

Howdie, *a midwife*
 Howe, *hollow, a hollow or dell*
 Howebackit, *sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.*
 Howff, *a landlady, a house*
 Howk, *to dig*
 Howkit, *digged*
 Howkin, *digging*
 Hoy, *to urge*
 Hoy't, *urged*
 Hoyse, *a pull upwards*
 Hoyte, *to amble crazily*
 Hughoc, *dimin. of Hugh*
 Hurcheon, *a hedge-hog*
 Hurdies, *the loins, the crupper*
 Hushion, *cushion*

I

I', *in*
 Icker, *an ear of corn*
 Ier-oe, *a great-grand-child*
 Ilk, or ilka, *each, every*
 Ill-willie, *ill-natured, malicious, niggarly*
 Ingine, *genius, ingenuity*
 Ingle, *fire, fire-place*
 Ise, *I shall or will*
 Ither, *other, one another*

J.

JAD, *jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl*
 Jauk, *to dally, to trifle*
 Jaukin, *trifling, dallying*
 Jaup, *a jerk of water; to jerk as agitat d water*
 Jaw, *coarse railiery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water*
 Jillet, *a jilt, a giddy girl*
 Jimp, *to jump, slender in*

the waist, handsome
 Jink, *to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning a corner*
 Jinker, *that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag*
 Jinkin, *dodging*
 Jirk, *a jerk*
 Jocteleg, *a kind of knife*
 Jouk, *to stoop, to bow the head*
 Jow, *to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell*
 Jundie, *to justle*

K

KAE, *a daw*
 Kail, *colewart, a kind of broth*
 Kail-runt, *the stem of colewort*
 Kain, *for ls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer*
 Kebbuck, *a cheese*
 Keek, *a peep, to peep*
 Kelpies, *a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms*
 Ken, *to know; Kend, or ken't, knew*
 Kennin, *a small matter*
 Kenspeckle, *well known*
 Ket, *matted, hairy, a fleece of wool*
 Kiaugh, *carking anxiety*
 Kilt, *to truss up the clothes*
 Kimmer, *a young girl, a gossip*
 Kin', *kindred*
 Kin', *kind*
 Kintra Cooser, *country stallion*

King's-hood, *a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c*

Kintra, *country*

Kirn, *the harvest supper, a churn.*

Kirsen, *to christen, or baptize*

Kist, *chest, a shop counter*

Kitchen, *any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.*

Kith, *kindred*

Kittle, *to tickle, ticklish, likely*

Kittlin, *a young cat*

Kiuttle, *to cuddle*

Kiuttlin, *cuddling*

Knaggie, *like knags, or points of rocks*

Knappin, *a hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.*

Knowe, *a small round hillock*

Knurl, *dwarf*

Kye, *cows*

Kyle, *a district in Airshire*

Kyte, *the belly*

Kythe, *to discover, to shew one's-self*

L.

LADDIE, *dimin. of lad*

Laggan, *the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish*

Laigh, *low*

Lairing, *wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.*

Laithfu', *bashful, sheepish*

Lallans, *Scottish dialect*

Lambie, *dimin. of lamb*

Lampit, *a kind of shellfish*

Lan', *land, estate*

Lane, *lone; my lane, thy lane, &c. myself alone*

Lanely, *lonely*

Lang, *long; to think lang, to long, to weary*

Lap, *did leap*

Lave, *the rest, the remainder, the others*

Laverock, *the lark*

Lawin, *shot, reckoning, bill*

Lawlan, *lowland*

Lea'e, *to leave*

Leal, *loyal, true, faithful*

Lea-rig, *grassy ridge*

Lear, *(pronoun) lare, learning*

Lee-lang, *live-long*

Leesome, *pleasant*

Leeze-me, *a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee*

Leister, *a three-pronged dart for striking fish*

Leugh, *did laugh*

Leuk, *a look, to look*

Libbet, *gelded*

Lift, *sky*

Lightly, *sneering, to sneer at*

Lilt, *a ballad, a tune, to sing*

Limmer, *a kept mistress, a strumpet*

Limp't, *limped, hobbled*

Link, *to trip along*

Linkin, *tripping*

Linn, *a waterfall, precipice*

Lint, *flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower*

Lintwhite, *a linnet*

Loan, *or loanin, the place of milking*

Loof, *the palm of the hand*

Loot, *did let*

Looves, plural, of *loof*
 Loun, a fellow, a raga-
muffin, a woman of easy
virtue
 Loup, jump, leap
 Lowe, a flame
 Lowrie, abbreviation of
Lawrence
 Lowes, to loose
 Lows'd, loosed
 Lug, the ear, a handle
 Lugget, having a handle
 Luggie, a small wooden
dish with a handle
 Lum, the chimney
 Lunch, a large piece of
cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lunt, a column of smoke ;
to smoke
 Luntin, smoking
 Lyart, of a mixed colour,
grey

M.

MAE, more
 Mair, more
 Maist, most, almost
 Maistly, mostly
 Mak, to make
 Makin, making
 Mailen, farm
 Mallie, Molly
 Mang, among
 Manse, the parsonage-
house, where the mini-
ster lives
 Manteele, a mantle
 Mark, marks (This and
 several other nouns
 which in English re-
 quire an *s* to form the
 plural, are in Scotch,
 like the words *sheep*,
deer, the same in both
 numbers.)

Mar's year, the year 1715
 Mashlum, meslin, mixed
corn
 Mask, to mash, as malt, &c
 Maskin-pat, a tea-pot
 Maukin, a hare
 Maun, must
 Mavis, the thrush
 Maw, to mow
 Mawin, mowing
 Meere, Mare
 Meickle, much
 Melancholious, mournful
 Melder, corn, or grain of
any kind, sent to the mill
to be ground
 Mell, to meddle, also a
mallet for pounding bar-
ley in a stone trough.
 Melvie, to soil with meal
 Men', to mend
 Mense, good manners, de-
corum
 Menseless, ill-bred, rude,
impudent
 Messin, a small dog
 Midden, a dunghill
 Midden-hole, a gutter at
the bottom of a dunghill
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek
 Min', mind, resemblance
 Mind't, mind it, resolved,
intending
 Minnie, mother, dam
 Mirk, mirkest, dark, dark-
est
 Misca', to abuse, to call
names
 Misca'd, abused
 Mislear'd, mischievous, un-
mannerly
 Mistek, mistook
 Mither, a mother
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly
mixed

GLOSSARY.

Moistify, *to moisten*
 Mony or monie, *many*
 Moop, *to nibble as a sheep*
 Moorlan', *of or belonging to moors*
 Morn, *the next day, to-morrow*
 Mou, *the mouth*
 Moudiwort, *a mole*
 Mousie, *dimin. of mouse*
 Muckle or mickle, *great, big, much*
 Musie, *dimin. of muse*
 Muslin-kail, *broth composed simply of water, shell-ed barley, and greens*
 Mutchkin, *an English pint*
 Mysel, *myself*

N.

NA', *no, not, nor*
 Nae, *no, not any*
 Naething, or naithing, *nothing*
 Naig, *a horse*
 Nane, *none*
 Nappy, *ale, to be tipsy*
 Negleckit, *neglected*
 Neebor, *a neighbour*
 Neuk, *nook,*
 Niest, *next*
 Nieve, *the fist*
 Nievefu', *handful*
 Niffer, *an exchange; to exchange, to barter*
 Niger, *a negro*
 Nine-tailed-cat, *a hang-man's whip*
 Nit, *a nut*
 Norland, *of or belonging to the north*
 Notic't, *noticed*
 Nowte, *black cattle*

O.

O', *of*

Ochels, *name of mountains*
 O haith, O faith! *an oath*
 Ony, or onie, *any*
 Or, *is often used for ere, before*
 O't, *of it*
 Ourie, *shivering, drooping*
 Oursel, or oursels, *ourselves*
 Outlers, *cattle not housed*
 Ower, *over, too*
 Owre-hip, *a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.*

P.

PACK, *intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool*
 Painch, *paunch*
 Pairtrick, *a partridge*
 Pang, *to cram*
 Parle, *speech*
 Parritch, *oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish*
 Pat, *did put, a pot*
 Pattle or pettle, *a plough-staff*
 Paughty, *proud, haughty*
 Pauky, or pawkie, *cunning, sly*
 Pay't, *paid, beat*
 Pech, *to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma*
 Pechan, *the crop, the stomach*
 Peelin, *peeling*
 Pet, *a domesticated sheep, &c.*
 Pettle, *to cherish; a plough staff*
 Philibegs, *short petticoats worn by the Highland-men*
 Phraise, *fair speeches, flattery, to flatter*

Phraisin, *flattery*
 Pibroch, a *Highland War Song adapted to the bag-pipe*
 Pickle, a *small quantity*
 Pine, *pain, uneasiness*
 Pit, *to put*
 Placard, a *public proclamation*
 Plack, an *old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny*
 Plackless, *pennyless, without money*
 Platie, *dimin. of plate*
 Plew, or pleugh, a *plough*
 Pliskie, a *trick*
 Poind, *to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent*
 Poortith, *poverty*
 Pou, *to pull*
 Pouk, *to pluck*
 Poussie, a *hare or cat*
 Pout, a *poult, a chick*
 Pou't, *did pull*
 Pouthery, *like powder*
 Pow, *the head, the skull*
 Pownie, a *little horse*
 Powther, or pouter, *powder*
 Preen, a *pin*
 Prent, *printing*
 Prie, *to taste*
 Prie'd, *tasted*
 Prief, *proof*
 Prig, *to cheapen, to dispute*
 Priggin,, *cheapening*
 Primsie, *demure, precise*
 Propone, *to lay down, to propose*
 Provoses, *provosts*
 Pund, *pound, pounds*

Pyle, a *pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff*

Q.

QUAT, *to quit*
 Quak, *to quake*
 Quey, a *cow from one to two years old*

R.

RAGWEED, *herb ragwort*
 Raible, *to rattle nonsense*
 Rair, *to roar*
 Raize, *to madden, to inflame*
 Ram-feeze'd, *fatigued, over-spread*
 Ram-stam, *thoughtless, forward*
 Raploch, *properly a coarse cloth, but used as an ad-noun for coarse*
 Rarely, *excellently, very well*
 Rash, a *rush*; rash-buss, a *bush of rushes*
 Ratton, a *rat*
 Raucle, *rash, stout, fearless*
 Raught, *reached*
 Raw, a *row*
 Rax, *to stretch*
 Ream, *cream, to cream*
 Reamin, *brimfu' frothing*
 Reave, *rove*
 Reck, *to heed*
 Rede, *counsel, to counsel*
 Red-wat-shod, *walking in blood over the shoe-tops*
 Red-wud, *stark mad*
 Ree, *half drunk, fuddled*
 Reek, *smoke*
 Reekin, *smoking*
 Reekit, *smoked, smoky*
 Remead, *remedy*
 Requite, *requitted*

Rest, *to stand restive*
 Restit, *stood restive, stunted, withered*
 Restricket, *restricted*
 Rew, Rue, *repent*
 Rief, reef, *plenty*
 Rief randies, *sturdy beggars*
 Rig, *a ridge*
 Rin, *to run, to melt ; rinnin, running*
 Rink, *the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice*
 Rip, *a handful of unthresh-ed corn*
 Riskit, *made a noise like the tearing of roots*
 Rockin, *spinning on the rock, or distaff*
 Rood, *stands likewise for the plural roods*
 Roon, *a shred*
 Roose, *to praise, to commend*
 Roun', *round, in the circle of neighbourhood*
 Roupet, *hoarse, as with a cold*
 Routhie, *plentiful*
 Row, *to roll, to wrap*
 Row't, *rolled, wrapped*
 Rowte, *to low, to bellow*
 Rowth, *or routh, plenty*
 Rowtin, *lowing*
 Rozet, *rosin*
 Rung, *a cudgel*
 Runkled, *wrinkled*
 Runt, *the stem of colewort or cabbage*
 Ruth, *a woman's name, the book so called ; sorrow*

S.

SAE, *so*
 Saft, *soft*

Sair, *to serve, a sore*
 Sairly, *or sairly, sorely*
 Sair't, *served*
 Sark, *a shirt*
 Sarkit, *provided in shirts*
 Saugh, *the willow*
 Saul, *soul*
 Saumont, *salmon*
 Saunt, *a saint*
 Saut, *salt*
 Saw, *to sow*
 Sawin, *sowing*
 Sax, *six*
 Scaith, *to damage, to injure, injury*
 Scar, *to scar, a scar*
 Scaud, *to scald*
 Scauld, *to scold*
 Scaur, *apt to be scared*
 Scawl, *a scold*
 Scon, *a kind of bread*
 Sconner, *a loathing, to loathe*
 Scaich, *to scream as a hen, partridge, &c*
 Screed, *to tear, a rent*
 Scribe, *to glide swiftly along*
 Scribevin, *gleesomely, swiftly*
 Scrimp, *to scant*
 Scrimpet, *did scant, scanty*
 See'd, *did see*
 Seizin, *seizing*
 Sel, *self ; a body's sel, one's self alone*
 Sell't, *did sell*
 Sen', *to send*
 Sen't, *I, he, or she sent, on did send, send it*
 Servan', *servant*
 Settlin, *settling ; to get a settlin, to be frightened into quietness*
 Sets, *sets off, goes away*

Shaird, *a shred, a shard*
 Shangan, *a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into by way of mischief, or to frighten him away*
 Shaver, *a humorous wag, a barber*
 Shaw, *to shew, a small wood in a hollow place.*
 Sheen, *bright, shining*
 Sheep-shank ; *to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.*
 Sherra-moor, *sheriff-moor the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.*
 Sheugh, *a ditch, a trench, a sluice.*
 Shiel, *a shed.*
 Shill, *shrill*
 Shog, *a shock, a push off at one side*
 Shool, *a shovel*
 Shoon, *shoes*
 Shore, *to offer, to threaten*
 Shor'd, *offered*
 Shouter, *the shoulder*
 Sic, *such*
 Sicker, *sure, steady*
 Sidelins, *sidelong, slanting*
 Siller, *silver, money*
 Simmer, *summer*
 Sin, *a son*
 Sin', *since*
 Skaith, *see scaith*
 Skellum, *a worthless fellow*
 Skelp, *to strike, to slap ; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke*
 Skelpy-limmer, *a technical term in female scolding*
 Skelpin, *stampin, walking*

Skiegh, or Skeigh, *proud, nice, high-mettled*
 Skinklin, *a small portion*
 Skirl, *to shriek, to cry shrilly*
 Skirling, *shrieking, crying*
 Skirl't, *shrieked*
 Sklent, *slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth*
 Sklented, *ran, or hit, in an oblique direction*
 Skreigh, *a scream, to scream*
 Slae, *sloe*
 Slade, *did slide*
 Slap, *a gate, a breach in a fence*
 Slaw, *slow*
 Slee, *sly ; sleest, slyest*
 Sleekit, *sleek, sly*
 Slidderly, *slippery*
 Slype, *to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough*
 Slypet, *fell*
 Sma', *small*
 Smeddum, *dust, powder, mettle, sense*
 Smiddy, *a smithy*
 Smoor, *to smother*
 Smoor'd, *smothered*
 Smoutie, *smutty, obscene, ugly*
 Smytrie, *a numerous collection of small individuals*
 Snapper, *stumble*
 Snash, *abuse, Billingsgate*
 Snaw, *snow. to snow*
 Snaw-broo, *melted snow*
 Snawie, *snowy*
 Sneck, *latch of a door*
 Sned, *to lop, to cut off*
 Sneeshin, *snuff*
 Sneeshin-mill, *a snuff-box*

- Snell, *bitter, biting*
 Snick-drawing, *trick-con-
triving*
 Snick, *latchet of a door*
 Snool, *one whose spirit is
broken with oppressive
slavery ; to submit
tamely, to sneak*
 Snoove, *to go smoothly
and constantly, to sneak*
 Snowk, *to scent or snuff,
as a dog, horse, &c.*
 Snowkit, *scented, snuffed*
 Sonsie, *having sweet en-
gaging looks, lucky, jolly*
 Soom, *to swim*
 Sooth, *truth, a petty oath*
 Sough, *a s.gh, a sound
dying on the ear*
 Souple, *flexible, swift*
 Souter, *a shoemaker*
 Sowens, *a dish made of
oatmeal, the seeds of oat-
meal soured, &c. boiled
up till they make an
agreeable pudding*
 Soup, *a spoonful, a small
quantity of any thing
liquid*
 Sowth, *to try over a tune
with a low whistle*
 Sowther, *solder, to solder,
to cement*
 Spae, *to prophesy, to divine*
 Spaul, *a limb*
 Spairge, *to dash, to soil,
as with mire*
 Spaviet, *having the spavin*
 Speat or spate, *a sweeping
torrent, after rain or
thaw*
 Speel, *to climb*
 Spence, *the country parlour*
 Spier, *to ask, to inquire*
 Spier't, *inquired*
 Splatter, *to splutter*
 Spleughan, *a tobacco-pouch*
 Splore, *a frolic, noise, riot*
 Sprattle, *to scramble*
 Spreckled, *spotted, speckled*
 Spring, *a quick air in
music, a Scottish reel*
 Sprit, *a tough-rooted plant,
something like rushes*
 Sprittie, *full of sprits*
 Spunk, *fire, mettle, wit*
 Spunkie, *mettlesome, fiery ;
will-o-wisp, or ignis
fatuus*
 Spurtle, *a stick used in
making oat meal pud-
ding or porridge, a no-
table Scotch dish*
 Squad, *a crew, a party*
 Squatter, *to flutter in water
as a wild duck, &c.*
 Squattle, *to sprawl*
 Squeel, *a scream, a screech,
to scream*
 Stacher, *to stagger*
 Stack, *a rick of corn, hay,
&c.*
 Staggy, *the diminutive of
stag*
 Stalwart, *strong, stout*
 Stant', *to stand ; stan't,
did stand*
 Stane, *a stone*
 Stank, *did stink ; a pool
of standing water*
 Stap, *stop*
 Stark, *stout*
 Startle, *to run as cattle
stung by the gad-fly*
 Staumrel, *a blockhead,
half-witted*
 Staw, *did steal, to surfeit*
 Stech, *to cram the belly*
 Stechin, *cramming*
 Steek, *to shut, a stitch*

Steer, *to molest, to stir*
 Steeve, *firm, compact*
 Stell, *a still*
 Sten, *to rear as a horse*
 Sten't, *reared*
 Stents, *tribute, dues of any kind*
 Stey, *steep ; steyest, steepest*
 Stibble, *stubble ; stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead*
 Stick an stow, *totally, altogether*
 Stile, *a crutch ; to halt, to limp*
 Stimpert, *the eighth part of a Winchester bushel*
 Stirk, *a cow or bullock a year old*
 Stock, *a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c*
 Stockin, *stocking ; throwing the stockin', when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married*
 Stoked, *made up in shocks as corn*
 Stoor, *sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse*
 Stot, *an ox*
 Stoup, *or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle*
 Stoure, *dust, more particularly dust in motion*
 Stowlins, *by stealth*
 Stown, *stolen*
 Stoyte, *stumble*
 Strack, *did strike*

Strae, *straw ; to die a fair strae death. to die in bed*
 Straik, *did strike*
 Straikit, *stroked*
 Strappan, *tall and handsome*
 Straught, *straight*
 Streck, *stretched. to stretch*
 Striddle, *to straddle*
 Stroan, *to spout, to piss*
 Studdie, *an anvil*
 Stumpie, *dimin. of stump*
 Strunt, *spirituous liquor of any kind ; to walk sturdily*
 Stuff, *corn or pulse of any kind*
 Sturt, *trouble ; to molest*
 Sturtin, *frighted*
 Sucker, *sugar*
 Sud, *should*
 Sugh, *the continued rushing noise of wind or water*
 Suthron, *southern, an old name for the English nation*
 Swaird, *sword*
 Swall'd, *swelled*
 Swank, *stately, jolly*
 Swankie, *or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl*
 Swap, *an exchange, to barter*
 Swarf, *swoon*
 Swat, *did sweat*
 Swatch, *a sample*
 Swats, *drink, good ale*
 Sweaten, *sweating*
 Sweer, *lazy, averse ; dead-sweer, extremely averse*
 Swoor, *swore, did swear*
 Swinge, *to beat, to whip*
 Swirl, *a cruve, an eddying-*

blast, or pool, a knot in wood

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots

Swith, get away

Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice

Syne, since, ago, then

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes

Tae, a toe ; three-tae'd, having three prongs

Tairge, target

Tak, to take ; takin', taking

Tamtallan, the name of a mountain

Tangle, a sea-weed

Tap, the top

Tapetless, heedless, foolish

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance

Tarrow't, murmured

Tarry-breeks, a sailor

Tauld, or tald, told

Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young person

Tauted, or tautie, matted together ; spoken of hair or wool

-Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled ; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.

Teat, a small quantity

Tedding, spreading after the mower

Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon

Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, take heed

Tentie, heedful, cautious

Tentless, heedless

Teugh, tough

Thack, thatch ; thack an' rape, clothing necessities

Thae, these

Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings

Thankit, thanked

Theekit, thatched

Thegither, together

Themsel, themselves

Thick, intimate, familiar

Thieveless, cold, dry, spit-ed ; spoken of a person's demeanour

Thir, these

Thirl, to thrill

Thirled, thrilled, vibrated

Thole, to suffer, to endure

Thowe, a thaw, to thaw

Thowless, slack, lazy

Thrang, throng, a crowd

Thrapple, throat, windpipe

Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict

Thrawin, twisting, &c.

Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction

Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion

Threshin, thrashing

Threteen, thirteen

Thistle, thistle

Through, to go on with, to make out

Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly

Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise

Thumpit, thumped

Thysel, thyself

Till't, *to it*
 Timmer, *timber*
 Tine, *to lose ; tint, lost*
 Tinkler, *a tinker*
 Tint the gate, *lost the way*
 Tip, *a ram*
 Tippence, *twopence*
 Tirl, *to make a slight noise, to uncover*
 Tirlin, *uncovering*
 Tither, *the other*
 Tittle, *to whisper*
 Tittlin, *whispering*
 Tocher, *marriage portion*
 Tod, *a fox*
 Toddle, *to totter, like the walk of a child*
 Toddlin, *tottering*
 Toom, *empty*
 Toop, *a ram*
 Toun, *a hamlet, a farmhouse*
 Tout, *the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.*
 Tow, *a rope*
 Towmond, *a twelvemonth*
 Towzie, *rough, shaggy*
 Toy, *a very old fashion of female head-dress*
 Toyte, *to totter like old age*
 Transmugrify'd, *transmigrated, metamorphosed*
 Trashtrie, *trash*
 Trews, *trowsers*
 Trickie, *full of tricks*
 Trig, *spruce, neat*
 Trimly, *excellently*
 Trow, *to believe*
 Trowth, *truth, a petty oath*
 Trysted, *appointed ; to tryste, to make an appointment*
 Try't, *tried*
 Tug, *raw hide, of which in*

old times plough-traces were frequently made
 Tulzie, *a quarrel ; to quarrel, to fight*
 Twa, *two*
 Twa-three, *a few*
 'Twad, *it would*
 Twal, *twelve ; twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth. N. B. One penny English is 12d. Scotch.*
 Twin, *to part*
 Tyke, *a dog*

U

UNCO, *strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious*
 Uncos, *news*
 Unkenn'd, *unknown*
 Unsicker, *unsure, unsteady*
 Unskaith'd, *undamaged, unhurt*
 Unweeting, *unwotting, unknowingly*
 Upo', *upon*
 Urchin, *a hedge-hog*

V

VAP'RING, *vapouring*
 Vera, *very*
 Viri, *a ring round a column, &c.*

W

WA', *wall ; wa's, walls*
 Wabster, *a weaver*
 Wad, *would, to bet, a bet, a pledge*
 Wadna, *would not*
 Wae, *woe, sorrowful*
 Waesucks ! *or waes me ! alas ! O the pity*
 Waft, *the cross thread that goes from the shuttle*

GLOSSARY.

through the web ; woof
 Waifu', *wailing*
 Wair, *to lay out, to expend*
 Wale, *choice, to choose*
 Wal'd, *chose, chosen*
 Walie, *ample, large, jolly ;*
 also an interjection of
 distress
 Wame, *the belly*
 Wamefu' *a belly-full*
 Wanchansie, *unlucky*
 Wanrestfu', *restless*
 Wark, *work*
 Wark-lume, *a tool to work*
 with
 Warl, *or warld, world*
 Warlock, *a wizard*
 Warly, *worldly, eager on*
 amassing wealth
 Warran, *a warrant, to war-*
 rant
 Warst, *worst*
 Warstl'd *or warsl'd, wrest-*
 led
 Wastrie, *prodigality*
 Wat, *wet, I wat, I wot, I*
 know
 Water-brose, *brose made*
 of meal and water sim-
 ply, without the additions
 of milk, butter, &c.
 Wattle, *a twig, a wand*
 Wauble, *to swing, to reel*
 Waught, *draught*
 Waukit, *thickened, as ful-*
 lers do cloth
 Waukrife, *not apt to sleep*
 Waur, *worse, to worst*
 Waur't, *worsted*
 Wean, *or Weanie, a child*
 Wearie, *or weary ; many a*
 wearie body, many a dif-
 ferent person
 Weason, *weasand*
 Weaving *the stocking.—*

See—throwing the stock-
 ing,
 Wee, *little ; wee things,*
 little ones ; wee bit, a
 small matter
 Weel, *well ; weelfare, wel-*
 fare
 Weet, *rain, wetness*
 Weird, *fate*
 We'se, *we shall*
 Wha, *who*
 Whaizle, *to wheeze*
 Whalpit, *whelped*
 Whang, *a leathern string,*
 a piece of cheese, bread,
 &c. to give the strappado
 Whare, *where : Where-*
 e'er, wherever
 Wheep, *to fly nimbly, to*
 jerk ; penny-wheep,
 small beer
 Whase, *whose*
 Whatreck, *nevertheless*
 Whid, *the motion of a*
 hare, running but not
 frighted, a lie
 Whidden, *running as a*
 hare or coney
 Whigmeleeries, *whims,*
 fancies, crotchets
 Whingin, *crying, complain-*
 ing, fretting
 Whirligigums, *useless or na-*
 ments, trifling append-
 ages
 Whissle, *a whistle, to whistle*
 Whisht, *silence : to hold*
 one's whisht, to be silent
 Whisk, *to sweep, to lash*
 Whiskit, *lashed*
 Whitter, *a hearty draught*
 of liquor
 Whun-stane, *a whinstone*
 Whyles, *whiles, sometimes*
 Wi', *with*

Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling

Wicker, willow (the smaller sort).

Wiel, a small whirlpool

Wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife

Wimple, to meander

Wimpl't, meandered

Wimplin, waving, meandering

Win, to win, to winnow

Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn

Win', wind; win's, winds

Winna, will not

Winnock, a window

Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay

Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel

Winze, an oath

Wiss, to wish

Withoutten, without

Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk

Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation

Wons, dwells

Woo', wool

Woo, to court, to make love to

Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows

Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops

Wordy, worthy

Worset, worsted

Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder

Wrack, to teaze, to vex

Wraith, a spirit, a ghost: an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death

Wrang, wrong, to wrong

Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow

Wud-mad, distracted

Wumble, a wimble

Wyle, beguile

Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

Wyte, blame, to blame

Y.

YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou

Yearns, longs much

Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals

Year, is used both for singular and plural years

Yell, barren, that gives no milk

Yerk, to lash, to jerk

Yerkit, jerked, lashed

Yestreen, yesternight

Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field

Yill, ale

Yird, earth

Yokin, yoking, a bout

Yont, beyond

Yoursel, yourself

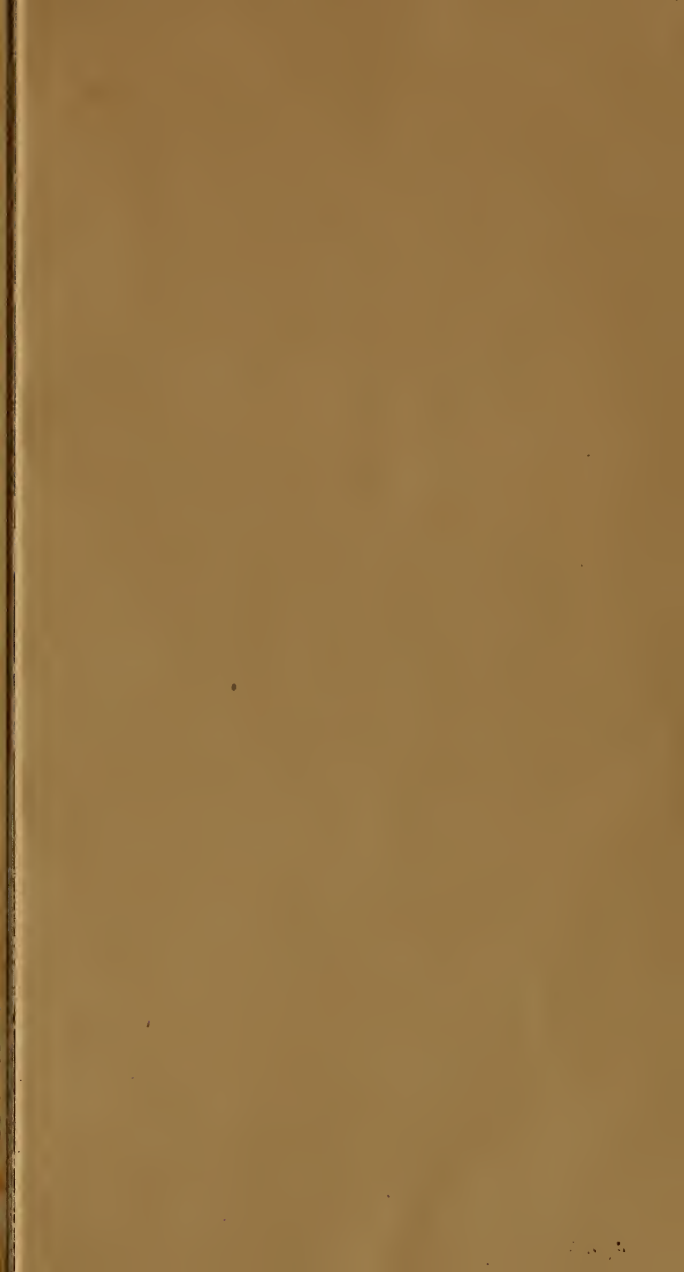
Yowe, an ewe

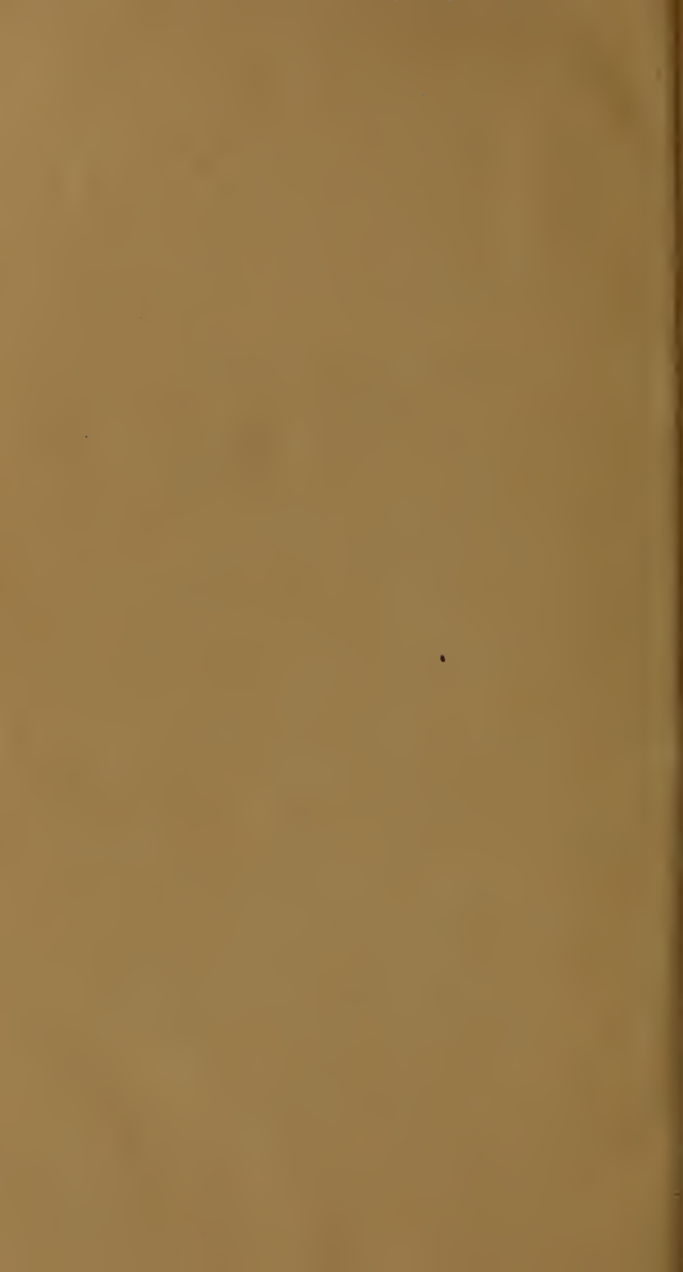
Yowie, dimin. of yowe

Yule, Christmas



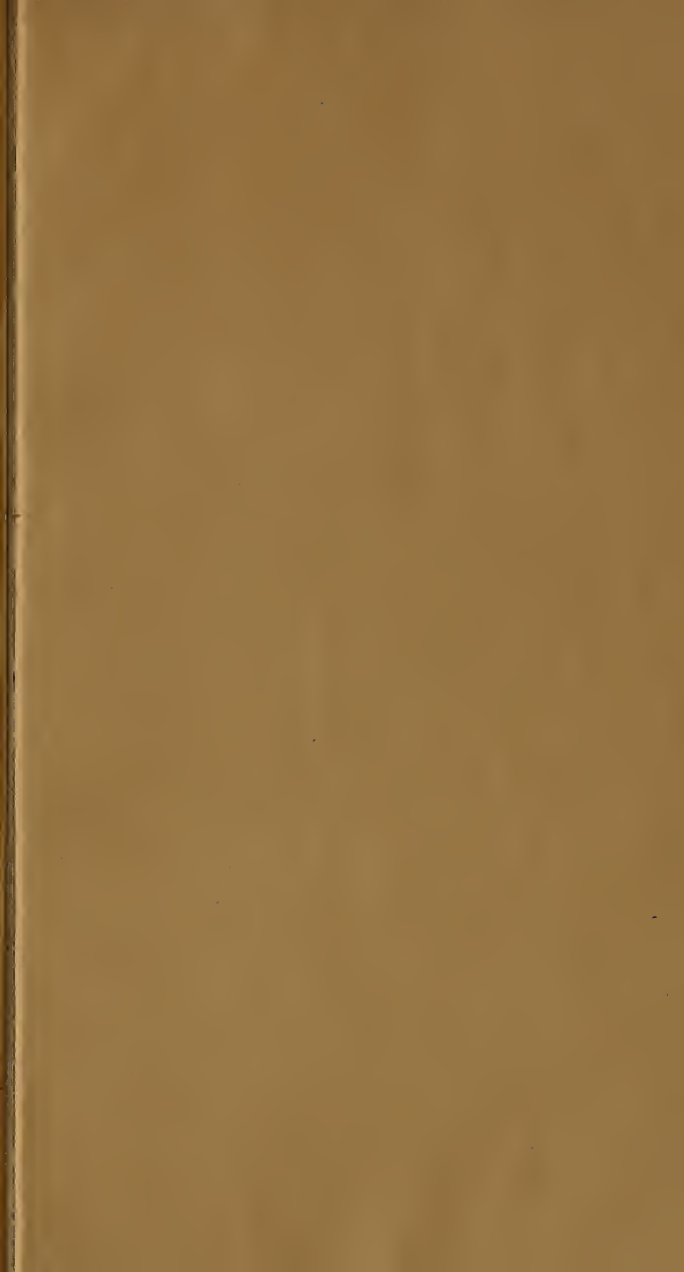
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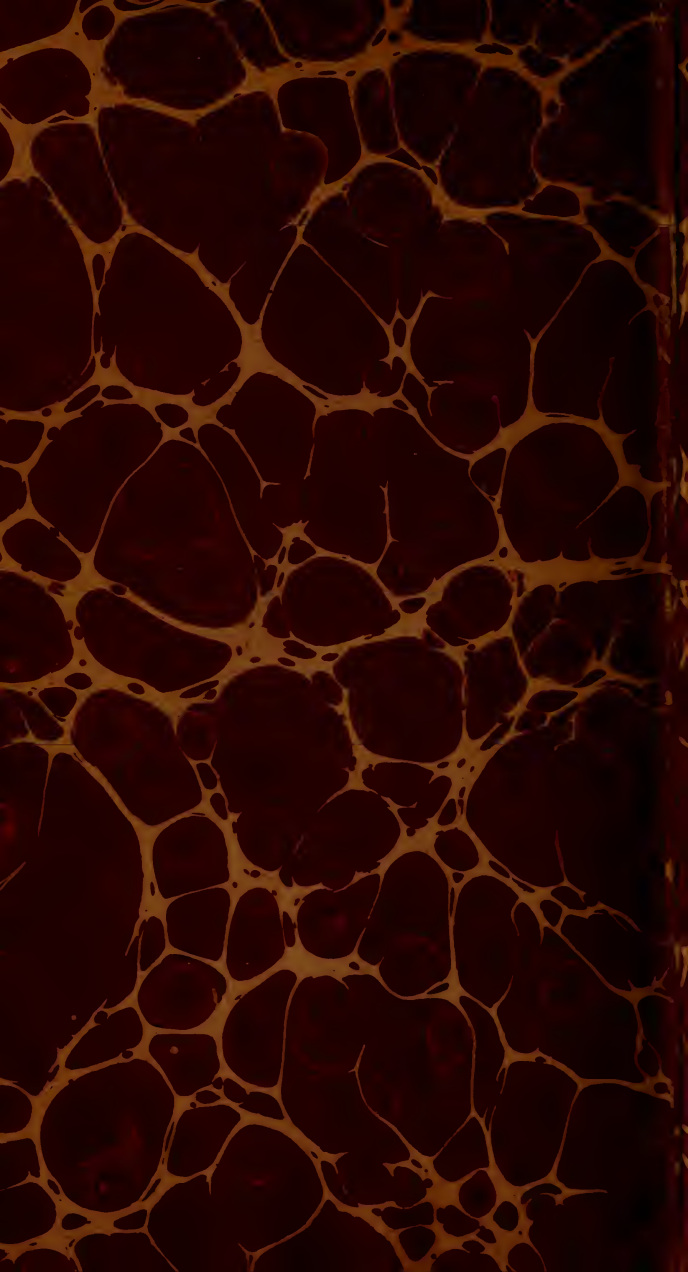


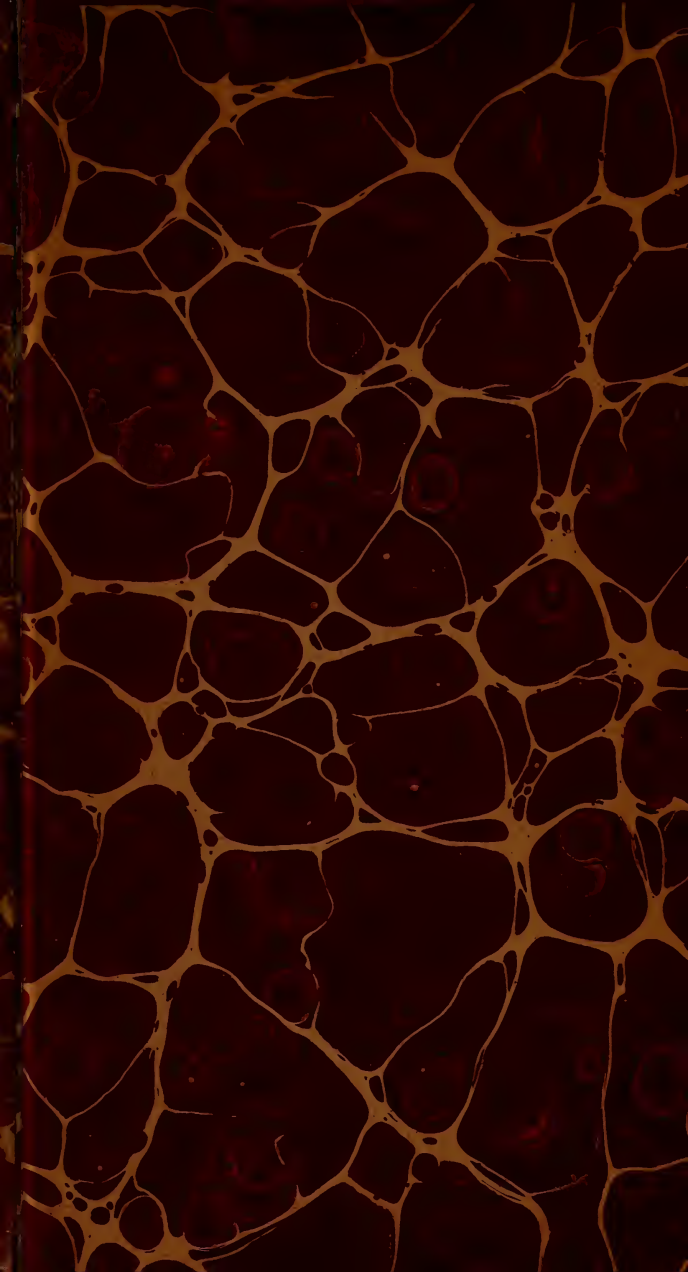




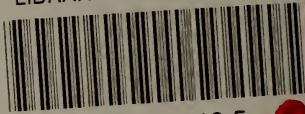








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